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THE FAMILY BRIDGE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Thanks, thanks, dear old Bridge, that thou still art remaining
Above the deep stream where in boyhood I played
With my young mates, full strength for Life's rough battle gaining,
From innocent sports in the sunshine or shade.
O, here how we often, with wild pleasure glowing,
Threw over the lines for the scaled prey below!
What sly, voiceless merriment success bestowing,
Till warned to our homes by the sunset to go!

Nor only this by tender memory treasured:
How often o'er thee, with my parents, I trod
To yon church, where the Sabbath bell joyously murmured
The hour that called for the worship of God!
O, blest recollection! though gone father, mother,
Yet brothers and sisters still sweet treasure hold
In this now mossy Bridge, and we feel that no other
Surpasses its wealth for the family fold.

It was here on thee, old Bridge, that we were deep plighted,
My darling and I, on a summer's dewed morn;
And there in that old Church that we were united,
And knew that for us one existence was born.
Though, darling, our lot from our birthplace was fated,
Yet sometimes we come to this scene of our joys,
And bless the good Lord that we were so well mated,
While round us are romping our girls and our boys.

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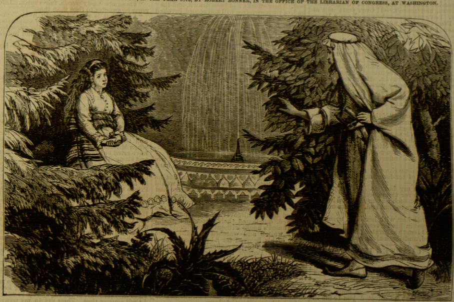


SIR GUY OF ST. MARK UNEXPECTEDLY MEETS THE LADY MIRIAM IN THE GARDEN.

THE GRANADAN DUEL;

OR, THE

Castilian and the Moor.

A ROMANCE OF THE COURT OF THE ALHAMBRA.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER VII.

A MYSTERY.

The Knight of St. Mark had a vague sense of being dragged over a rough wall, and of being carried on the shoulders of men. Then followed a blank, in which he seemed to be rather lulled to a stupefied quiet than rendered senseless by concussion. When his scattered senses finally returned to him he found himself upon an easy couch, and in a very comfortably furnished apartment. He experienced a dull ache in the head, but after a little exercise of the awakening mind he concluded that he had not been seriously hurt. The place was surely not a prison,—or, at least, it was not a dungeon. He was about to raise himself upon his elbow for the purpose of looking around, when a man appeared at his side holding a lamp in his hand. The Knight looked up and beheld a Moor of the higher class, as was evident from the rich ornamentation of his garb, as well as from the value of the gems which sparkled upon his person, chief of which were a cluster of precious stones that gleamed in a crescent upon his turban.

"Fair sir," spoke the Moor, "are thy senses returned to thee?"

Guy raised himself upon his elbow to try his strength, and he was quickly assured that his bodily powers were intact; but the thought occurred to him that he had best husband his resources, and not let his strength be known. If they thought him weak, and incapable of physical exertion, they might leave open to him an opportunity which would not otherwise occur.

He sank back upon his pillow with a groan.

"Where am I? Who is here?"

"Be not alarmed. Thou art Sir Guy, of Castile?"

"I am a Christian knight, Guy of St. Mark, and I have done no outrage upon the laws of Granada. Why am I here?"

"Easy, fair sir. This is not a prison, though thou art held by one who can make a prison for thee if he so wills it. Be not too sure touching thy infraction of our laws. If I mistake not, thy sword hath been twice in use since thou cam'st here, and on both occasions it was drawn in a cause in which thou had'st no interest."

Guy came very near springing up and giving the man the lie direct; but he curbed his temper in time, and kept his true condition to himself.

"I crave thy pardon," he said, with a gasp, as though of pain. "Thou canst not know how I have been engaged."

"I know very well," returned the Moor; "and for thy satisfaction I will tell thee." He set his lamp upon a table close at hand, and then seated himself by the bedside, after which he resumed,—

"First thou did'st draw thy sword in the forest in a cause of which thou wert entirely ignorant."

"Save," put in Guy, "that I found six men set upon one."

"But the cause was unknown to thee."

"I have stated the case. I found one man set upon by six, and myself and companions delivered him."

"Answer me this, Sir Knight: Dost know the man whom thou did'st assist?"

"I only know that he was called Abdalla, and that he seemed a true man."

The Moor looked hard upon Sir Guy, as though to read his thoughts.

"Knew you not that he was a knave and a robber?"

"I knew it not."

"Then know it now." And again the Moor gave that eager, searching look.

And Guy seemed to be satisfied. It was his policy so to appear, though such was very far from being the case in truth. He had come to the conclusion that the villain who had planned the assassination of Abdalla and the abduction of Miriam was now before him. He read it in the sensual, ill-starred face, and in the tigerish gleaming of the dark, deep-set eyes. And with this conviction he again made show of extreme weakness. He started to raise himself upon his elbow, and sank back with a bitter groan.

"Thou art in pain?"

"In pain, and very weak. Have I lost blood?"

"No. It is only a stroke upon the head. Your Castilian heads are not tough like ours of Granada. But a night's rest will revive thee. And now for thy second trespass. What business had'st thou with the daughter of Ben Ahmed?"

Again Guy came very near leaping from the couch; but he smothered his cry of indignation in a groan.

"Enough of that!" he said, when he dared to trust his voice. "I am not in a mood to bear accusation in such a matter. If I were strong I would answer thee at the sword's point."

"So, so!—The charms of the fair maiden have touched thee to the heart! But know that thou did'st engage in a dangerous business. But let that pass. I only bring it up as one of the two events which have placed thee within the scope of a just punishment. Thou wert at the house of the alcaide for the purpose of visiting thy friend?"

Guy nodded affirmatively.

"He is called Manfred?"

"Yes."

"Who is he?"

"As thou hast said."

"But I would know more. Is he of Castile?"

"Aye,—a knight of that realm."

"Was he born in Castile?"

"I was not present at his birth."

"Thou knowest my meaning. Is he of Castilian origin?"

The Moor was very eager, though he sought to hide it; and it was evident from his manner that he had a deep interest in the matter under question.

There was some mystery in all this. Guy called to mind his cause of trouble with Manfred; he remembered the doubts he had been led to entertain concerning his birth; and he thought of the impression long held that the son of Morgiana was of Moorish blood. He thought, too, of the talisman,—and he wondered what story it might tell if the truth were known concerning it. But he would not betray his friend. If this man sought the secret of Manfred's life, it could only be for ill. So, to the last question, he finally made answer,—

"I know nothing to the contrary."

Other questions were asked by the Moor concerning the Knight of Alcala, all betraying the same engrossing interest, but Guy answered them with an evasive reserve which gave the questioner little light.

Finally the Moor arose to depart. He was in ill-humor, being convinced that the knight had not answered him to the best of his knowledge and belief, and he did not attempt to conceal the feeling.

"Rest to-night," he said, "and on the morrow thou mayest find a more ready tongue for answer."

"Am I a prisoner?" asked Guy.

"That is as thou pleasest to take it. I shall hold thee for the present. I am bound to know the purpose of thy visit to Granada."

Had he asked that question in the first place Guy would have answered it truly; but he chose not to explain now; and he allowed the Moor to go his way, he pretending the while to be completely exhausted.

At the door the Moor was met by a companion, who asked for direction, and Guy distinctly heard the former answer,—"*No,—he is too weak to give trouble. Keep watch near at hand, and answer if he calls.*"

After his visitor had gone, and the door had been closed, Guy reflected.

"By San Jago!" he muttered, "I am thrown into strange associations! Who is Abdalla? Who is this nabob who now holds me in durance? What finds he in the face of Manfred to alarm him?—for, by my life, he is sorely alarmed at something.—And the daughter of Ben Ahmed— Ah! If this be not the Prince himself then my wits are at fault."

He thought over the matter in its various bearings, and in the end he was convinced that he had fallen into the hands of Prince Haroun. Not only the garb of the man, and the valuable gems, but words which he had spoken.

"At all events," Guy reflected, "he is a man in power, and he means me no good. The sooner I can make my escape, the better."

He lay a while and listened, and as he heard the sound of no moving in the house, he carefully arose and stood upon his feet. He had not mistaken his strength. Save the dull ache in his head he was unscathed, and even that ache was an advantage, for it reminded him more forcibly of the indignity he had suffered, and served to give point to his determination of escape. He went to a window and looked out, and from the position of the stars he knew that it was past midnight. This window overlooked a court, at the far side of which he saw a high wall; and the casement was only fastened upon the inside. He tried it, and found it to be easily swung open. This must be his avenue of escape, if any. Could he reach the court, he would find some means of scaling the wall. The chief thing was to make his exit from the chamber without exciting suspicion.

The lamp had been left burning upon the table, and one of the first things which attracted his attention as he turned from the window was a sword resting against the wall near the head of the bed. It was not his own weapon, but it was a good one, nevertheless, as he assured himself by bending it upon the floor. The wonderful elasticity of the blade excited his curiosity, and upon holding it near to the light he became assured that it was a pure and true Damascus, of the very finest quality. The hilt was of gold, set with precious stones, and the pommel was a single carbuncle as large as a pigeon's egg. On another occasion he might have hesitated about appropriating so valuable a weapon, but at present he had no other alternative. They had taken his, and he verily believed that he was but exchanging with the man who had despoiled him. And who must he be who owned such a sword? Surely no common man. More than ever was he convinced that he had seen and spoken with Prince Haroun.

Having secured the sword, and feeling thus doubly armed against emergency, the knight moved noiselessly to the door by which his visitor had departed, where he listened attentively until satisfied that no one was moving beyond. With great caution he tried the latch, and found it fast. A bolt had been shot upon the outer side. After this his movements were swift and silent. He knotted together the clothing of the bed until he had formed a rope long enough to serve him, and having secured one end of this to a hinge of the casement, he threw the other end out, and was very soon safely landed upon the pavement of the court. Upon looking up from this point he discovered that he had been confined in a wing of a large building, and he doubted not that if he could scale the wall the way would be open beyond. And the means for surmounting this last difficulty were at hand. Close to the building grew a stout vine, the climbing branches of which reached the coping of the wall. Making a girdle of his scarf, and thus securing the sword by his side, he seized upon the vine and commenced the ascent. He had reached the top of the wall, and was considering how he should get down upon the other side, when he heard a voice above him, and upon looking up he beheld a man at the window he had left. The light of the lamp still burning within revealed the face of this man plainly enough to enable our adventurer to determine that it was not the man who had spoken with him. It was probably a sentinel who had been left to watch. The fellow had given alarm, and presently a second head appeared at the window; and in a moment more they both disappeared.

"That means," said Guy to himself, "that they are upon my track, and will cut me off if they can."

He had seen that upon reaching the ground outside the wall he would be in an open street; and he had furthermore determined that he was in that part of the city upon the hill-side, and not far from the Alhambra. Quickly loosening a branch of the vine, and throwing it over the wall, he let himself down as far as he could, and thence he dropped to the ground without harm, and took his way down the hill. If he had considered more at length he might have gone up the hill instead of down, since it was more than probable that his pursuers would naturally take the latter course. But he had started, and when he heard the voices of men upon his track it was too late to turn.

There were pursuers behind him, and presently he saw two men ahead, both coming toward him. He looked to the right hand, and to the left, but could see no avenue of escape. Grasping his sword firmly, and resolved that he would cut his way if he could, he kept on.

"Halt!" he commanded, as he came near to the advancing men.

They halted at the word, and one of them called back,—

"Sir Guy!—Is it thou?"

"Pedro!"

"Aye, my master."

"And Michael?"

"Yes, Sir Guy."

"By Saint Mark! thou art just in time. Put off all questions, and stand with me. I am pursued."

As he ceased speaking two men were seen approaching upon the run, and directly a third appeared close behind them. They came to within a sword's length of the knight and stopped, evidently surprised at beholding the company into which their game had fallen.

"How now, sirs?" demanded Guy. "Whom seek ye in such unseemly haste?"

"We seek thee—Guy of St. Mark,—and we come at the bidding of one who may not be disobeyed with impunity."

"You come from the Prince Haroun?"

"How know ye?"

"I know it," declared Guy, at a venture. "Go tell your master that if he dares to meet me as man to man, in fair and equal combat, I will answer his call at any time; but I bow not to his authority."

"Bethink thee, Sir Knight. Do not drive us to force."

"Dost talk of force to me?" cried Guy, indignantly. "Dost thou hold the thought of raising a weapon against me?"

The man hesitated.

"Look ye," pursued the Castilian: "I am supported by friends who will strike quickly and hard if they are called upon. Give but the signal, and, by Saint Mark! thou shalt have righteous return of blows for thy temerity."

The three Moors conferred together, and very soon concluded to draw off. Whether they were afraid of the Castilian steel, or whether they shrank from creating an uproar in the street, did not appear. Without further remark to the object of their pursuit they turned and departed. Sir Guy watched them until they had gone from sight, and then turned to his companions.

"Well met, my loyal friends! I' faith! thy coming hath saved the spilling of blood, and it may have saved me. You, good Pedro, have been searching for me?"

Pedro explained that he had awaited his master's return until he became too anxious to wait longer, and that he had then gone to the dwelling of the alcaide in quest of him. There he had seen Ben Ahmed, and also Michael, and after due deliberation, and a comparing of notes, it had been determined that if mischief had happened, it might be traced to the door of Prince Haroun.

"And so," he said, "Michael and I came forth to search. The alcaide cared not to appear openly in the matter at the outset, but he assured us that if we succeeded in tracing you to the Prince's house, he would move in your behalf."

"And did you trace me to Haroun's dwelling?" asked Guy.

"We know not. We had learned where the Prince's abode was, and were on our way thither when we met you."

A comparing of notes followed, from which it appeared that the house to which the esquires had been directed was the self-same house from which the knight had made his escape.

Here was food for serious thought; and as the trio started toward the old city they discussed the matter; but they did not discuss it freely and frankly. Sir Guy would not speak all his thoughts concerning the Prince's cause of offence toward himself, and Michael did not feel at liberty to disclose the things that had accidentally come to the knowledge of himself and master.

And thus fruitlessly discussing they arrived at the door of Ben Ahmed's house, where Michael entered, leaving the other two to pursue their way safely to their inn.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE—THE STORY OF A KING.

On the day following the events last recorded Guy of St. Mark visited the alcaide, but was unable to gain from him anything calculated to throw further light upon the adventure of the night before. They sat together with Manfred, and discussed the matter; but their conclusions were vague and unsatisfactory. And it could not well have been otherwise. Upon one point alone were they united without question:—Prince Haroun had been at the bottom of the trouble. Beyond this Ben Ahmed was cautious and reserved. He was not quite willing to commit himself needlessly against the Prince. He had great cause of complaint on the score of the indignity which had been offered to his daughter; but he would prefer to settle that in his own name, and in his own time, and not mix up his affairs with troubles in which the Christian knights bore a part.

As for Manfred, his tongue was stopped by a secret prompting of the spirit which told him that the mystery of his life was to be solved in Granada. Whence the prompting came he could not tell, or would not. He knew that he had dreamed of meeting a Moor in conflict; and that his esquire had fulfilled the dream in his own person; and he now knew that the man of his dream had been Prince Haroun. He desired investigation; but he wished at the same time to keep his own secret; or, at most, to share it only with the faithful servant who must help him.

Sir Guy was particularly reticent; and the reader need hardly be told the cause thereof. The subject of Haroun brought the beautiful Miriam to his mind, and he dared not trust himself in an open discussion which might involve the maiden to whom he had so completely and so unreservedly given his heart.

And so the conference ended, each promising to do what he could toward solving the mystery, and each feeling more anxious than he was willing to confess.

For two or three days Guy of St. Mark was careful in trusting himself abroad, and he went not without Pedro in company. He visited Manfred twice during that time, but did not see Miriam. On the fifth day, however, he was more fortunate. He reached the alcaide's house toward the middle of the afternoon, and was informed that Manfred and Michael were walking in the garden; and a servant conducted him to the rear balcony, and pointed out the way in which he might find them.

Either from blundering on the part of the servant, or from lack of distinct understanding on his own part, Guy took the wrong path, as would appear from the fact that at the end of a few minutes' walk he found himself in a labyrinth which seemed to be separated from the main garden. But he would not turn back yet. Near at hand he heard the rushing and dripping of a fountain, and the song of birds. Presently he came to a place where a clustering mass of sweet-scented flowering vines formed an arbor, and upon a marble bench sat the daughter of Ben Ahmed, with her head bowed upon her hands.

The first impulse of the intruder was to retire, but his step had aroused the maiden, and she looked up. Tears were in her eyes and upon her cheeks, and her countenance was shadowed with grief.

"I beseech thy pardon, fair lady. This intrusion is an accident."

He waited for her to speak the word of forgiveness; but she only looked at him as though trying to peer through the dimness of her tears. And Guy fancied that he could detect an imploring glance. The wish may have been parent of the fancy; but he acted upon it. A power which he could not resist drew him forward, and with a throbbing of the heart that gave tumultuous volume of feeling to his voice, he spoke again:

"Am I pardoned?"

"I have nothing to pardon, Sir Guy. The sight of a friend is a relief for which I should feel grateful."

Her look accorded with her words. A bright light beamed through the tears, and a soft, beseeching smile broke upon the beautiful lips.

St. Mark did not stop for further reflection, but followed the promptings of his heart. It was as though heaven had opened before him, and an angel bade him welcome. He advanced and sat by the maiden's side, and when he offered to take her hand she did not withdraw it.

"Lady,—why is this? Why these tears? Dare you confide in me?"

She looked up into his face with a look so full of earnest yearning—so prayerful in its confidence, and so tender in its trust,—that the knight felt his very heart melting with its great love.

"Speak to me," he said. "Trust me if you can. I lay my life at your feet for service."

"Alas! kind sir," she answered, "it is but a woman's suffering. You will think it trivial."

"Allow me to judge, lady."

"My father hath spoken the word of sorrow. My hand is promised to one whom I cannot—cannot—"

"Whom you cannot love?" said Guy, as she faltered.

A look answered him.

"And think you I could deem this trivial? What is a life from which the heart's holy love has been sundered? What pain of earth can equal the pain that must ever follow the rending of those cords of love which have their hold upon the very centre of the inmost soul?"

He had drawn her toward him as he spoke until her head touched his shoulder. The touch thrilled him, and he drew her nearer still until his arm encircled her.

"Lady!—Miriam!—I may be wild—I may be infatuated beyond the bound of sense—but I must speak. God grant that my words do not offend. If I am presumptuous, tell me so kindly, and I will not presume again; but think what else you will, believe that the impulse of this moment is an inspiration, as pure and as holy as the breath of heaven. My heart, with its whole fresh wealth of love, is all your own—given to you in the first moment of our acquaintance, with its devotion grown deeper and stronger from that hour to the present! Does this offend you?"

The maiden trembled like an aspen, and for a brief space she allowed her head to rest upon the knight's bosom whither it had fallen; but at length she withdrew herself from his embrace, and bowed her head upon her hands. Surely she was not offended. Soon she looked up, and put forth her hand. The knight took it, and wondered what meant the mystic calm that had settled upon the beautiful face.

"Sir Guy," she said, in a voice scarcely raised above a whisper, and yet sweetly distinct in its volume of tenderness, "I know not how the judgment of the world holds the propriety of such a deed. To you, who have seen more, and must know more, I look for guidance. If it be a sin to love, then I am a sinner; and if it be a sin to make confession, I sin again in confessing to thee. O, kind sir! in all my life thine is the only face that hath had power to gain impress in my heart. I fear not to trust thee."

"And thou wilt not cease to love me?" cried the transported knight, drawing her again to his bosom.

"My love is no longer mine," she said. "If thou canst ever cast it off—"

"Hush, Miriam! Breathe no thought like that. Beneath the eye of the all-seeing Father I accept thy love as a priceless boon, and I will cherish it as a gift of Heaven while life shall endure!"

And then Miriam reached her arm around his neck, and suffered her head to rest in loving confidence upon his bosom. The moments were the sweetest that a lifetime may know—the season of a bliss that the human heart can feel but once—the bursting into flame of a passion which God himself, in the morning of creation, ordered should cement the hearts and the souls of the true and the loving into one flesh and one spirit.

A while in the ecstatic dream-land, and then Guy came back to the things of earth.

"Your father would have you wed with Prince Haroun?" he said.

"With Prince Haroun?" repeated Miriam, looking up in surprise. "No, no.—It is because my father refuses my hand to the Prince—because we both loathe and dislike him—that he would seek to take me by force."

"Not the Prince?"

"O, no."

"Who, then, is the man favored by your father?"

"Jusef."

"Jusef?"

"Yes."

"What Jusef? I know of but one of that name in Granada."

"And he," said Miriam, drawing more closely to her lover as she spoke, "is the man. My father would give my hand to the King."

"To the KING!" cried Guy, with a start.

"O! Guy, will you distrust me because the King seeks me for his wife?"

"No, no, sweet love; but—"

"You heed the danger?"

"Not the danger to myself, Miriam, but the danger to you. The King of Granada may not be foiled like a prince."

"But, Guy, the King does not love me as a man should love the woman he would bless and cherish as his wife. He is a cold, stern man—"

"I have been told that he was kind and gentle."

"So he is when in a happy mood; but with me he is seldom happy. O! I cannot become his wife. The thought oppresses me most painfully. I would rather flee from Granada, and live a peasant's life in peace and love, than share Jusef's throne."

"But, dear girl, if the King loves you not, and you love not him, why does he seek your hand?"

"There are reasons of state, Guy. The King's life has been a strange one. You have heard the story of his younger days?"

"I have heard vague reports—I have heard of romantic adventure—but I have heard nothing reliable."

"Would you like to hear the story from me?"

She had lifted her head from his shoulder, and taking both her hands Guy asked her to tell to him the story. And she told him as follows:

"A good many years ago—long before I was born; but in my father's time,—Jusef Second was King of Granada. He had two sons, the first named Jusef, and the second Mohammed. Jusef was the first-born, and beloved of his father; but Mohammed was ambitious and aspiring, and contrived to make himself popular with the soldiers. When the old King lay upon his death-bed he called his ministers to his side and introduced to them his son Jusef as their future King; but no sooner was the father dead than Mohammed placed himself at the head of the soldiery, and having cast his brother Jusef into prison he usurped the throne, and caused himself to be proclaimed King. He would doubtless have put Jusef to death had he dared; but the Prince was greatly beloved by the best men of the kingdom, and he feared to do the deed.

"Ten years Mohammed sat upon the throne, and during those ten years his brother Jusef, the rightful heir of the crown, was a prisoner. At length Mohammed was stricken with a fatal sickness, and when his physicians assured him that he had not long to live he resolved that he would, if possible, secure the sceptre to his own son, Haroun. To this end he called an officer, and sent an order to the prison for the immediate execution of the prince who was there confined.

"Now it so happened that Tarik, the jailer, had conceived a strong love for Jusef, though he had not allowed the fact to be generally known, and he had secretly granted him many privileges. The messenger who bore the royal mandate of death found the jailer and the prince engaged in a game of chess. Tarik opened the order and read it, and Jusef, knowing the condition of the king, when he saw his jailer pale and tremble, rightly guessed the contents of the missive which he observed bore the royal seal. But he was a brave and considerate prince, and would not ask a favor which might endanger his friend. He only asked that he might be allowed to finish the game they had commenced.

"'It is to be our last game,' said he, 'and we will finish it. Grant me but this, and I will then submit to the king's order.'

"The executioners were in readiness without, but Tarik bade them wait. He was resolved that so trivial a favor should not be denied to his prisoner. The game went on. It was a long and closely contested one. At length, when the game seemed most dubious for the prince—with only a pawn and a castle with which to make attack or defence for his king—he moved his pawn to queen, and cried—'Check-mate!' He had won the game. And at that same moment a loud shouting arose in the outer court of the prison. Mohammed was dead. Tarik hastened out, and when he was assured that the news was true he tore up the order for the prince's death, and cast the fragments to the winds.

"And thus, by a seeming interposition of Divine Providence, was the rightful heir saved from execution, and when the people knew that he lived they demanded that he should ascend the throne. He took the crown and the sceptre without a show of opposition, though there were those in the kingdom who, from selfish motives, would have preferred to see Haroun king.

"That was almost a score of years ago. Jusef Third has been a kind, good king, and the good people all love him; but he has enemies, nevertheless. Prince Haroun, son of Mohammed, has been continually plotting to gain the throne which his father usurped and held for ten years; and there are many who are willing to help him—men who might gain place and power under the usurper. Twice has the prince been arrested and imprisoned, and twice has the king pardoned him and set him free. Jusef's ministers have advised that Haroun should be condemned and executed, but the humane monarch will not listen. He fears that the world, in such an event, would say that he had done the deed in revenge of his own sufferings at the hands of Haroun's father.

"Aye, truly, Jusef is a good man, and I could love him—aye, I do love him—as I would love a brother or a father; but I cannot be his wife."

Sir Guy had listened with deepest interest to the story, and at its conclusion he remained a time in silent meditation.

"It is a strange story," he at length said, "and it brings to my mind strange suspicions. Upon conference with Manfred and Michael I am convinced that Prince Haroun was with the ruffians whom we attacked in the forest. He it was whom Michael encountered. Your father is governor of Granada, and he was in dutiful attendance upon the man whom the ruffians would have slain—the man calling himself Abdalla."

"And what gain you of suspicion from that?" asked Miriam.

"That Abdalla and Jusef of Granada are one and the same person—that it was the king whom we saved."

Miriam reflected a moment, and then reaching up and laying her hand upon the knight's shoulder, she said,—

"Guy, let your suspicions be your own. Communicate them not to any—not even to your friend Manfred. It will be better so."

"You do not deny their—"

"Hush! I deny nothing. I know not your Abdalla. Let that suffice."

"As you will, sweet love. But you can answer me this: If the king loves you not, why does he seek you for his wife?"

"I do not mean, Guy, that he does not love me at all; and yet it is not from his love that he seeks my hand. The leaders among his subjects demand that he shall leave an heir of his own body to the throne. They foresee turmoil and anarchy if he should die without issue. Thus far he has refused steadily to take a wife; but his objections have at length been overcome, and he will marry with me."

"But why with you? If there is no real love between you, why does he not seek another among the fair damsels of Granada? There must be many who would love him, and who would gladly share his throne."

"I, alas!" answered Miriam, bowing her head, "have the misfortune to be the daughter of a princess. My mother was sister to Jusef Second, and I am cousin to the present Jusef. There are but three persons known to be living in whose veins runs the blood royal of Granada: They are the present King, Prince Haroun, and myself.—O! Guy, start not at this. Love me not less because I am a Moorish Princess. It is my misfortune that men whom I cannot love should be led through this to seek my hand."

Guy arose and walked across the arbor. This revelation had in a measure stunned him. The loving of a princess, whose hand was sought by a king, was a far different affair from the loving of a simple maiden whose father alone had power to control her destiny. But he was not a craven. He turned and met the loving, imploring gaze of the beautiful maiden, and he could not, he would not, give her up if he could help it. He resumed his seat by her side, and took her hands in his grasp.

"Miriam," he said, "if the need should come for the consummation of our love, is your love strong enough, and is your faith in me firm enough, to lead you to flee with me to my own home in Castile, where the tiara of a Countess awaits my bride? Think calmly, sweet one. Thine own good—thine own happiness—alone give influence to my desires in this."

Miriam looked up through gathering tears, and in accents of tenderest and most trustful love she replied,—

"Thy love is my heaven. I will go with thee whithersoever thou goest."

"So be it. Let such be our plan, and henceforth our aims are to that end. Do we understand it?"

She answered him with her head upon his bosom—clasped in his fervent embrace,—and when they at length separated their faith had been plighted, and death alone could sever the bond.

CHAPTER IX.

AN EVIL HOUR.

It was very late in the day when Guy of St. Mark met Sir Manfred, and then he found the convalescent knight in his chamber.

"How is this?" asked Manfred. "The servant told me you were here an hour and a half ago, and that he directed you to me in the garden."

"I missed you," said Guy, evasively.

"But where so long? Surely not alone in the garden."

"I have been meditating, Manfred."

But the countenance of the Knight of St. Mark had not worn the aspect of one who had been sorrowing, and the rich color now upon his face, and the light that sought to subdue itself in his eye, were not moody signs. Manfred had been in love, and he knew the symptoms well. And he furthermore had learned of his companion's adventure in the garden, and since that he had been permitted to see and speak with Miriam.

"Ah! Guy, Guy,—thou hast passed the sweet hour with fairer company. Deny it not. I saw the maiden upon her balcony as I went forth."

"I deny nothing, Manfred."

The Knight of Alcala started as he saw the rich flush again mount to Guy's brow.

"How?" he cried, reaching forth and grasping his friend by the arm. "Is the story true which I read in your face? Have you won the love of that beautiful being?"

"Manfred, I may trust you?"

"You should not ask that question."

"I ask it not seriously. I ask it only from habit of caution. Yes, Manfred—Miriam loves me. Her pure and undivided heart is all mine own."

"And thou, Guy? Dost love her as truly in return?"

"Aye. I give to her the first love I ever felt for womankind, saving the love which a son may give to his mother."

The light of a great joy overspread Manfred's face. Guy saw it, and rightly interpreted its meaning.

"Ah," he said, with a faint, sad smile, "when you dreamed that I had heart for love of my fair cousin you dreamed a grave mistake."

"But," urged Manfred, seeming anxious to avoid a subject which was so nearly connected with their quarrel, "what hope have you of a happy fruition in this love?"

"Our love itself must light the way to hope," replied Guy. "At present my duty to you stands first among the obstacles."

"And an irksome duty it has become, has it not?"

"Would you retract?" asked the Knight of St. Mark, quickly and eagerly, thinking that he detected deep regret in Manfred's tone.

The Knight of Alcala looked up in surprise.

"Retract?" he repeated. "Retract, when retraction means relinquishment of the hand of the lady I love? Will you retract, Guy?"

"Bah! We are foolish both!" exclaimed Guy, with pain in his face. "Can we, who would claim the love of maiden fair, prove false to our knightly vows? We have drawn the sword. We may not sheath it until the battle has been fought."

"Thou art right, Sir Guy. Let us think no more of love until our work is done for which we came to Granada. If I fall, and thou livest, God grant that thy love may prosper in peace and full fruition!"

"And," cried Guy, with warm impulse, "if I fall, and it is given thee to live, thou hast my consent to return to Castile and win the hand of my cousin Ida if thou canst."

"O!" murmured Manfred, with tears in his eyes, "why could not such blessed words have found thought before!"

"I know now what love is," answered Guy. "But—enough of this. Let us be men for our work. Thy shoulder is almost well?"

"As strong as ever; and my body will have gained its full measure of vigor in a few days."

"Then farewell to thoughts of love until—"

"Hush!" interposed Manfred, with a wave of the hand. "Let the Infinite have sway. The right will prevail."

"Thou art a fatalist."

"Be I what I may, Guy, neither you nor I can escape the fate in store for us."

At this juncture Michael entered, and Sir Guy took his leave.

From this time Manfred rapidly gained strength, and finally he demanded of his esquire that preparations should be made for the renewal of the conflict between himself and Guy.

"First," said Michael, "try your sword upon me."

"Willingly," responded the knight.

And they repaired to a retired spot in the garden, where they took exercise as in former times. At first Michael was dainty, and exercised a laudable caution in behalf of his master; but anon he transferred his caution to his own own account, for the knight opened the attack with a strength and precision far from trifling. His strength was not abated, and his limbs seemed more supple than before his illness.

"What think you now?" asked Manfred, as, by a dexterous play which the esquire himself had taught him, he sent the sword of the latter flying to a distance.

"The matter is in your own hands, my master. I have no more objection to offer."

"Then go to the inn of Yezid, on the street of St. Omar, and say to Sir Guy of St. Mark that our business may be settled to-morrow. I will meet him at the same hour of the day, and in the same place, as on the former occasion, or he may call upon me for new arrangement."

Michael departed upon his mission, and when evening had come Sir Guy appeared in person. He was anxious to know if his opponent had wholly recovered. Manfred referred him to Michael.

"I am sorry to confess," answered Michael, to St. Mark's inquiry, "that my master is fully recovered. There is nothing in his bodily state to prevent him from meeting you in combat."

The matter had been so thoroughly discussed between them that the two knights had no more to say of the cause or continuance of the quarrel. Each knew that there was no enmity in the heart of the other, and each knew that the other was ready to lay down the sword if it could be honorably done. But the law was imperative—a law of chivalry before which their honor stood in solemn test. Their swords had been drawn, and they had, of their own free will and accord, invoked the decision of battle.

"Let it be to-morrow," said Guy, "within an hour after sunrise, and at the same place where we met before."

Manfred bowed in acquiescence, and the twain separated.

Guy had hoped that he might on this occasion see Miriam; but the opportunity was not offered. He dared not ask for her, and upon reflection, he concluded that it was well as it was. Should he meet with her, there would be pain in the parting; for who should say what the morrow might bring forth. He breathed a prayer of blessing upon her as he turned from her father's house; and having been rejoined by Pedro he pursued his way slowly homeward.

At a short distance from the alcaide's dwelling they met two men muffled up to the eyes in their mantles, though the night was warm and mild. Guy stopped when the muffled strangers had passed, and expressed his wonder.

"I must follow them," he said. "They are going toward the place where mischief hath happened ere this."

Pedro would have dissuaded him, but he would not listen. Had he been wise he would at least have waited until the strangers had gone from his sight and hearing, and then have turned cautiously back; but in his eagerness he turned back at once, and the muffled figures, discovering that they were followed, quickened their steps, and passed Ben Ahmed's house without stopping.

Guy waited and watched in sight of the house of his beloved for a long time, but as the strangers did not reappear, he at length listened to Pedro's entreaties, and turned again homeward. But he was not easy in mind. So strong was the impression that the muffled men whom he had seen were emissaries of Prince Haroun that he not only lay awake with thoughts thereof after his head had pressed the pillow, but wild phantoms came in his dreams, and once he awoke his esquire with an outcry of alarm.

At the dwelling of Ben Ahmed, Miriam had seen her knight come and go, and she had had no opportunity to approach him. Twice she had essayed to place herself in his way, but the presence of others had prevented her. She knew there was something wrong. The sense of love is keen and sharp. Its power of interpretation is wonderful. From words she had heard, and from movements she had witnessed, assisted by that mysterious inner sense of loving instinct, she had gathered that there was trouble between the two knights, and she believed there was danger to her beloved. She had seen him go away with his esquire—she had been near enough to mark the wistful look which he had turned toward her apartments, and she was ready to believe that his thoughts were of her. Might he not yet seek her in the garden? She caught at the faint hope, and resolved that she would be on the watch. She had yielded up her whole soul in love to the gallant knight, and so entirely had her spirit entered into the compact that she had scarcely a thought in which he was not present.

Miriam retired to her chamber, and when all was still in the house she went out upon the balcony overlooking the garden. There was a strange flutter at her heart, and the touch of a great dread was upon her.

"O!" she murmured, with her hands grasping the rail before her, "would that I knew the meaning of this! There is danger somewhere. I cannot be mistaken. Guy hath trouble that he hath not told me of. If I could but see him, and share it with him! O, Guy! my only hope of joy to come is in thee. Thou art my only love—the only light in my path. Without thee all is dark and drear. I dread the King more than I dread the Prince!"

By and by she stepped down into the garden, and moved toward the arbor where she had last met her lover. If he came, he would seek her there. Thrice she stopped on the way with a sense of impending danger; but she overcame the pleadings of the silent monitor, and kept on. She reached the arbor, and sat down upon the marble slab. Thus alone, and in that distant, secluded place, the great hope which had been parent to her thoughts began to waver, and finally she concluded that she had better return to the house. She had arisen for that purpose when the entrance was darkened by an intruding figure, and with the shadow came a sense of terror. Before she had time for reflection the intruder spoke, and his voice was the voice of Prince Haroun.

"Miriam, seek not to avoid me, and fear not for my present coming. Give no alarm, and I will offer no violence. I am here to speak seriously. Will you listen?"

The maiden sank back upon the marble slab, and her silence gave token that she would not give immediate alarm. The prince approached, and stood very near to her. The moon was up, and there was light enough to render objects quite distinct. Miriam could see that Haroun was in his usual attire, save that he wore a large mantle of dark cloth which might be drawn up over his face at will; and she furthermore saw that he was stern and relentless. She saw this from his bearing rather than from his face. She felt that the gaze which he bent upon her was vicious and vengeful. Flight was impossible, and the giving of an alarm would subject her to pain and indignity which might be otherwise avoided.

"Thy Christian swain, fair lady, is not near to help thee; for I followed him to his inn, and saw him safely housed. I have no doubt that the hope of meeting him hath led thee hither."

Indignation prevented Miriam from answering to this, and presently Haroun proceeded,—

"Fair cousin, it is the knowledge that the Christian knight hath become thy champion, and the fear that thy heart might incline toward him, that have led me hither at this time, and I now demand of thee to know if thou wilt give me thy hand.—Stop! Speak not hastily. Hear me through. As for the Christian, his life were not worth the purchase of an hour if he could stand between thee and me. Thy hand must either be given to Jusef or to me; and I swear that Jusef shall not possess it. He already sits upon the throne which is of right my own. In your veins runs the royal blood of Granada, come down from the great Mohammed Ben Alhamar. The same blood is in my veins, and also in the veins of the present usurper of the Granadan throne,—we three alone are of that regal stock. Give me thy hand, and together we may present a power which Jusef cannot withstand. Let me present thee to the people as my wife—as the only one who can keep pure the blood of Alhamar upon the throne—and I can sway the army in our favor. Mark me well: Jusef shall never possess thee! And mark one other thing: The throne is mine, and I will sit upon it! Need I add that thou art mine, and that I will have thee though all the fiends of Eblis stood in the way! But—I would win thee fairly. I would have thee come to me of thine own accord. Think of it, Miriam, and give me answer."

"Thou dost not demand an answer so momentous here and now?" ventured the maiden, struggling hard with her terror.

"Here and now!" said the prince.

"It cannot be."

"It must be."

"No, no,—I cannot."

"Cannot what?"

"Answer such a demand."

"I ask not an answer from thy heart, but from thy knowledge of the situation. Have I not made it plain to thee? In one word, Miriam, I would save thee from the indignity of force."

"Haroun!"

"Thou understandest. Give me thy solemn promise that thy hand is mine—"

"Never!" cried the princess, starting to her feet. The regal blood was roused within her, and she could no longer hold back the truth.

"Beware!"

"I tell thee, Haroun—never! I will die before I will become thy wife!"

"These are hasty words, fair cousin. Life must be sweeter to thee than that."

"A life that is sweet is worth living," answered the maiden, with solemn emphasis; "but a life imbittered by a lasting curse becomes but a curse in itself. I care not to live such."

"Briefly, then, Miriam, thou wilt refuse my hand?"

"I refuse it."

"No argument can move thee?"

"Not to that end."

"Remember,—I have sworn that the end shall come!"

The princess shrank back, and clasped her hands upon her bosom. Her attitude was one of prayer.

"Once more, Miriam—"

"No more! no more!" broke in the resolute girl. "For the last time I swear to thee, I had rather die than become thy wife!"

Haroun stood for a brief space before her, and then he clapped his hands thrice; and when Miriam, recognizing this signal, would have cried out for help, he sprang upon her, and stopped her mouth.

In answer to Haroun's signal two men quickly entered the arbor, and at a further sign from their master they took the maiden in their arms. With his own hands the Prince bound a thick scarf over her mouth so that she could utter no cry, and in this condition she was borne away. They carried her out from the garden by a wicket to which Haroun had surreptitiously procured a key, and thence she was swiftly borne she knew not whither. She only knew that at the end of the journey she was landed in a close chamber, very illy furnished, where she was left alone, with a door securely locked against her, while the single window was guarded by iron bars.

Upon a miserable bed she passed a few uncomfortable, sleepless hours, and then Haroun came again.

"Think not," he said, "that thou art to remain here in Granada. I have a strong keep amid the fastnesses of the Alpujarras to which I shall convey thee. Thou art in my power, and art mine, as firmly as though the nuptial vows had been spoken. The only favor at my hands can be won by the promise I have asked. Wilt give it?"

Miriam was ready to dare the worst. Her strength sustained her, and her eyes flashed as she spoke the answer,—

"Never!"

"I ask no more. It is for me now to command. Thou wilt be removed from this place to my castle in the mountains, and there I will wed thee, and tame thee!"

And the strong men came again at their master's bidding, and bore the maiden out upon the street. The river ran close at hand, and she saw a boat toward which she was led; and when she looked upward she saw that the first gray tints of dawn were tinging the eastern heavens.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Courtship in Church.

A young gentleman happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan. He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible open, with a pin stuck in the following text—Second Epistle of John, verse fifth: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth: "Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing that I am a stranger?" He returned the book, pointing to the twelfth verse of the Third Epistle of John: "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full." From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

Look Up.

It is what we rejoice to see—men, women and children—the rich, the poor, the old and the young, always looking up. It shows the purity of your intentions, and the determination of your own hearts. We see in him the elements of a true man. No matter if the seas have swallowed your property, or the fires have consumed your dwellings, look up—take fresh courage. Is your name a by-word, or a reproach? Look up to the purity of the skies, and let its image be reflected in your heart. Detraction then will rebound from your bosom. Are you trod upon by the strong? Look up—push up—and you will stand as strong as he. Are you crowded out of the society of the rich? Look up, and soon your company will be coveted. Whatever may be your circumstances or condition in life, always make it a point to look up—to rise higher and higher—and you will attain your fondest expectations. Success may be slow, but sure it will come. Heaven is on the side of those who look up.

Test of Temper—Marriage.

In the sixteenth century, it was a custom among the most illustrious Goths and Swedes, when they would honestly marry their daughters, to prove the disposition of the suitors that came to them, and to know their passions, especially by playing with them at tables or chess; for at these games their anger, love, peevishness, covetousness, dullness, idleness, and the amount of their fortunes, were to be seen; so that it could be ascertained how they could endure the evil, the good, and the varieties of life.

Careful of Her New Dress.

A good story is told of a notable female orator, which illustrates that a woman, however eminent, is a woman still. When she lectured in Boston, she came promptly to the platform at half-past seven, and quietly surveyed the audience without opening her mouth for several minutes. She did not sit down, although a chair had been provided for her. "Why didn't you sit down?" asked one of the managers. What answer gave the eloquent woman? *"Do you suppose I was going to sit down in my new dress?"*

WIT AND HUMOR.

SEVERAL years ago there was such a tremendous freshet on the Illinois river, that it was for a long time referred to as "the flood!" During a lawsuit in Peoria, an old man named Adam, living in a little hamlet on the river known as Paradise, was examined as a witness. "What is your name?" was the first question asked him. "Adam, sir," said he. "Your name is Adam, is it? Well, where do you live?" "In Paradise, sir." "Oh, your name is Adam, and you live in Paradise, do you? Well, how long have you lived there?" "Ever since the flood, sir," replied the simple old man, whose words were drowned in a roar of laughter, in which the court, jury, counsel and spectators all joined.

A GERMAN carman was taking his lager bier, with a party of friends, in a Third avenue saloon, when an acquaintance came in and said to him, "Your horse is running away." "Vy didn't you shtop him?" quietly asked the Teuton. "I couldn't; he'd got several rods up the avenue." "Come, poy, hurry up mit dat second round of beer," briskly cried the German, "for if dat horse preaks anyding, my vife vill gif me hail Columbus!"

"TALK about shuttin' a feller's self up with burnin' charcoal and dyin' easy," said a disgusted Hoosier; "why, I shut myself up in the ox yard, and burnt more 'n a bushil of the stuff, and nearly froze, and didn't die a bit." "Did you put up the bars?" asked a companion. "No," replied the Hoosier, looking blank, "and that's what beat me."

TONING DOWN A HUSBAND.—A Brooklyn lady, whose husband has an unpleasant habit of railing at her, has hit upon the plan of calling in her servants when he begins to let out his temper, and then turning to him, and saying sweetly, "Now, my dear, please go on with your remarks." He doesn't go on, at least not as he began.

"WHERE do you hail from?" asked a Yankee of a stranger. "Where do you rain from?" was the counter question. "Rain!" said the Yankee, "I don't *rain* from anywhere." "Neither do I hail," said the stranger; "so just see if you can't acquire a competency by minding your own business."

A SEEDY and unhappy looking man, entering a revival meeting in Mississippi, took a seat near the pulpit. The clergyman, noticing his forlorn appearance, stepped up to him and asked if he was a Christian. "No," said he; "I am the editor of the village paper."

"HERE, waiter," said a gentleman, as he was about leaving a hotel, "here's a dollar for you. I give it to you because you have attended to my fire so well." "Thank your honor; may you live long, *and may I have the making of your fires hereafter!*"

"DO you mean to say," said a traveller to a Missouri sheriff, "that a man was shot here yesterday because he was caught in the act of carrying off a rope?" "Yes," quietly answered the sheriff, "but there was a horse at one end of the rope."

A GENTLEMAN whose first marriage was notoriously unhappy, having married again, one of his friends expressed surprise, to which he replied, "Well, you see, my second marriage is a triumph of hope over experience."

A WIFE, weeping over the loss of her husband, said to friends who sought to console her, "Leave me to my grief. You know the extreme sensibility of my nerves; the least trifle upsets them."

A GEORGIA paper has the following among its marriage notices: "On the 18th instant, Mr. T. Winkle to Miss Rachel Starr. T. Winkle, T. Winkle, little Starr."

APPROPRIATE NAMES.—For a general's wife—Sal-ly. For a gambler's—Bet-ty. For an auctioneer's—Bid-dy. For a printer's—Em-ma.

IN Kansas, the mode of stating that a man was killed in a fight, or a brawl, is to say, "He died with his boots on."

A MAN named Straw has been elected Governor of New Hampshire. Straws show which way the wind blows.

A GERMAN describes a person noted for his inconsistency as "a shentleman vat is very elastic in his brains."

"O NANNY, wilt thou gang wi' me?" as the sneak thief said when he was trying to steal a goat.

WHY does B precede C in the alphabet? Because you must be before you can see.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A GENTLEMAN travelling in New Hampshire reports that in going from Concord to Bradford, twenty-six miles, he passed twenty-six deserted houses, and in going from Franconia to Concord, via Warren, one hundred and ten miles, he passed twenty-nine deserted farm-houses. On inquiry, he learned that the rural population, even in the Granite State, are quitting the farms and flocking to the towns and cities.

THERE are a man and wife in Maine who weigh respectively two hundred and thirty and two hundred and twenty pounds. They have thirteen children, the heaviest of whom weighs two hundred and sixty-three pounds; the youngest child, sixteen years old, weighs one hundred and twenty-three pounds. Total weight of the family, two thousand eight hundred and fifty pounds.

IT is stated that two men are heavily ironed and chained to the floor at Arnold Station, Mo., waiting to be seized with hydrophobia. They were bitten by a dog supposed to be mad some time ago, and though they exhibit no symptoms of the terrible malady, their considerate friends, at their own request, have put them where they cannot injure others.

J. A. SUTTER, the California pioneer, on whose estate the first discovery of gold was made, is now living in Pennsylvania, poor, and crippled with inflammatory rheumatism. He is sixty-nine years of age, and without means of support. It is rumored that some of his friends in California are to give him a pension of $250 a month for five years.

IT is reported in the London *Times* that within the past two months, a man, when passing the New River, near London, has saved two women from drowning, at precisely the same spot. They were sisters, and on each occasion the man was taking a short cut home after missing a train. Rather a queer coincidence.

WHILE a young man was shooting ducks at Breeze Lake, Ill., one Sunday recently, he discharged one barrel of his gun at a duck, and the other one not going off when snapped, he blew into it to see if it was loaded, when the barrel discharged and blew the top of his head off, killing him instantly.

THE Swedish settlers in Aroostook county, Me., use a peculiar kind of sleigh. The bottom is like a common sled shod with iron, but the top is nothing but a large basket woven upon the sled, one or two feet high, and of an oblong shape. The sleighs are said to be very light, when properly made.

A WEEK ago last Sunday, a young married man, with his son, three years old, in his arms, attempted to cross the St. Louis and Vandalia Railroad at East St. Louis in front of an approaching train, when he was run over and killed. The child escaped with the loss of the toes of the right foot.

A CITIZEN of Vermont lately had what he supposed was a corn removed from one of his toes, but instead of obtaining relief, his foot and leg began to swell, and finally his leg was taken off below the knee, under the supposition that the amputation was necessary to save his life.

A CITIZEN of Ohio has been married seventy-five years, and has had his mother-in-law as a boarder during the whole time. He says he has never had cause to regret her company, and recommends her as a model mother-in-law. She is now one hundred and five years old.

HANDSOME young girls in the churches at Kalamazoo, Mich., are deputed to take up the collections. The scheme is said to work successfully, some of the very attractive collectors being sometimes called back by young men to receive a second contribution.

ON March 7th, shortly after midnight, a fire broke out among the steamers lying at the Cincinnati wharves, totally destroying six of them. Some of the passengers had barely time to escape from the flames by jumping overboard.

A TEXAS JOKE.—A Corpus Christi paper says, "The cattle are dying in hundreds from the drouth, and if it does not rain soon Western Texas will be the greatest hide and bone country on earth."

THE Denver *News* says there are two kinds of stock in Northern Colorado which are doing well this season, and faring sumptuously every day, and that they are coyotes and buzzards.

THE singular fact is officially stated that the smallest average attendance upon public worship in England is in those churches in which the seats are free.

A MR. BRINGHAM, of Baltimore, while digging with a pick in his cellar, found a box containing seven thousand dollars in gold and silver coin.

ALL THAT IS LEFT.

BY NATHAN UPHAM.

Once when the evening twilight
  Glowed in the golden west,
And the long, slow hours of labor
  Merged into hours of rest,
There was one to greet my coming,
  Watching with eager eye;
For he knew, when the shadows lengthened,
  Welcome footsteps were nigh.

Then how his boyish laughter
  Rang on the evening air!
How close to my heart he nestled,
  When I sat in my easy-chair!
How he told of his little troubles,
  And prattled of innocent joy!
Ah! swifter than arrows the moments
  I passed with my darling boy!

Life is not always sunshine;
  Clouds of sorrow will come:
Dark was the cloud that gathered
  Over our once happy home!
All that is left of our darling,
  Who has gone where the angels dwell,
Is a bright and golden ringlet,
  More precious than tongue can tell!

◆

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "SELF-MADE," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XCIV.

MORE MANŒUVRES OF MRS. GREY.

> She, under fair pretence of saintly ends,
> And well-placed words of sweetest courtesy,
> Baited with reason, not unplausible,
> Glides into the easy hearts of men,
> And draws them into snares.
>
> MILTON'S COMUS.

When Mary Grey reached Richmond, she went first to a quiet family hotel, where she engaged a room for a few days.

Then she took a carriage, and drove to the rectory of old St. John's Church, and presented her letter to the Rector.

The reverend gentleman received her very kindly and cordially, and glanced over her letter, saying, as he returned it to her:

"But this was not at all necessary, my dear madam. I remember you perfectly, as a regular attendant and communicant of this church, while you were on a visit to the family of the late lamented Governor of this State."

"Yes, sir; but *then* I was only a visitor at the church, just as I was a guest at the Government House. Now I wish to be a member of the church, as I intend to become a permanent resident of the city," Mary Grey explained, with her charming smile.

The pastor expressed himself highly gratified, and added:

"Your large circle of friends, that you won during your long visit here two or three years ago, will be delighted to hear of this."

Mary Grey bowed gracefully, and said:

"The pleasure, she believed, would, like the advantage, be mostly on her own side."

Then she inquired of the Rector—with an apology for troubling him with her own humble affairs—whether he could recommend her to any private boarding-house among the members of his own church, where the family were really earnest Christians.

The Rector could not think of any suitable place just then, but he begged to have the pleasure of introducing Mrs. Grey to his wife, who, he said, would most likely be able to advise her.

And he rang the bell, and sent a message to Mrs. ——, who presently entered the study.

The introduction took place, and the Rector's wife received the visitor as cordially as the Rector had.

She knew of no boarding-house of the description required by Mrs. Grey, but she promised to inquire among her friends, and let that lady know the result.

Soon after this, Mrs. Grey took leave.

Many of her former friends were, at this season of the year, out of town, as she felt sure; but some among them would probably be at home.

So before she returned to her hotel, she made a round of calls and left her cards at about a dozen different houses.

She then went back to her room at the hotel and spent the remainder of the day in unpacking and reviewing her elegant wardrobe.

There was no sort of necessity for doing this, especially as she intended to remain but a few days at the house; and the operation would only give her the trouble of repacking again, to move.

But Mary Grey never read, or wrote, or sewed, or embroidered, if she could avoid it, and had nothing on earth else to occupy or amuse her; so her passion for dress had to be gratified with the sight of jewels, shawls and mantles, laces, silks and satins, even though she durst not wear them.

Next day the Rector's wife called on her and recommended a very superior boarding-house to her consideration.

It was a private boarding-house, in a fashionable part of the town, kept by two maiden ladies of the most aristocratic family connections, and of the highest church principles.

This was exactly the home for Mrs. Grey.

And the Rector's wife kindly offered to take her then and there, in the rectory carriage, to visit "the Miss Cranes," the maiden ladies in question.

"The Miss Cranes," as they were called, dwelt in a handsomely furnished, old-fashioned double house, standing in its own grounds, not very far from the Government House.

The Miss Cranes were two very tall, very thin and very fair ladies, with pale blue eyes and long, yellow corkscrew curls each side their wasted cheeks.

They were dressed very finely in light checked summer silks, with flowing sleeves and surplus waists, and with chemisettes and undersleeves of linen cambric and thread lace.

They were very poor for ladies of their birth. They had nothing in the world but their handsome house, furniture and wardrobe.

They depended entirely upon their boarders for their bread; yet their manners were a mixture of loftiness and condescension that had the effect of making their guests believe that they—the guests—were highly honored in being permitted to board at the "Miss Cranes'."

But if not highly honored they were certainly much favored, for the Miss Cranes kept neat and even elegant rooms, dainty beds and an excellent table.

Presented by the Rector's lady, Mrs. Grey was received by the Miss Cranes with a lofty politeness which overawed even her false pretensions.

Presently the Rector's lady, leaving Mrs. Grey to be entertained by Miss Romania Crane, took the elder Miss Crane aside and explained to her the nature of their business call.

"I think she is just the kind of boarder that will suit you, as your house is just the kind of home needed by her," added the lady.

Miss Crane bowed stiffly, and in silence.

"She is, like yourself, of an old aristocratic family, and of very high church principles, and she has besides an ample income, much of which she spends for benevolent purposes," continued Mrs. ——.

Miss Crane bowed and smiled a ghastly smile, revealing her full set of false teeth.

"She is, I should tell you, also entitled to all our sympathy. She has suffered a great disappointment in her affections. She was engaged to be married to the late lamented Governor of the State, when, as you know, he was suddenly struck down with apoplexy, and died a few days before the day appointed for the wedding."

"Oh, indeed!" breathed Miss Crane, in a low, eager voice, losing all her stiffness, and turning to glance at the interesting widowed bride elect.

"Yes. And you will find her a most interesting young person—devoted to good works, one of the excellent of the earth. When she was here, two or three years ago—in the same season that she was engaged to our honored and lamented Governor—she was quite famous for her charities."

"Oh, indeed!" again aspirated Miss Crane, glancing at Mrs. Grey.

"I am sure that you will be mutually pleased with each other, and as she has declared her intention to make Richmond her permanent residence, I should not wonder if she also should make your pleasant house her permanent home," added the lady.

"Much honored, I'm sure," said Miss Crane, with a mixture of hauteur and complacency that was as perplexing as it was amusing.

"And now, if you please, we will rejoin your sister and Mrs. Grey," said the Rector's lady, rising and leading the way to the front windows, near which the other two ladies were sitting.

The end of all this was, that the Miss Cranes engaged to take Mrs. Grey as a permanent boarder, only asking a few days to prepare the first floor front for her occupation.

No arrangement could have pleased Mary Grey better than this, for she wished to remain at the hotel a few days longer, to receive the calls of her old friends, who would naturally expect to find her there, as she had given that address on the cards that she had left for them.

So it was finally arranged that Mrs. Grey should remove from the hotel to the Miss Cranes' on the Monday of the next week.

Then the two took leave, and the Rector's lady drove the widow back to her hotel, and left her there.

The next day Mrs. Grey had the gratification of hearing from the cards she had left at the different houses of her old acquaintances. Several ladies called on her, and welcomed her to the city with much warmth.

And on the Saturday of that week she had a surprise.

The Rector of St. John's paid her a morning visit, bringing a letter with the Charlottesville postmark.

"It came this morning, my dear madam. It was inclosed in a letter to me from Mrs. Wheatfield, the esteemed widow of my late lamented friend, Bishop Wheatfield," said the Rector, as he placed the letter in her hand.

She thanked the reverend gentleman, and held the letter unopened, wondering how Mrs. Wheatfield could have found out that she was in Richmond.

When the Rector had taken his leave, she opened her letter and read:

"CHARLOTTESVILLE, July 15, 18—.

"MY DEAREST MARY: We have not heard a word from you since you left us.

"All your friends here suffer the deepest anxiety on your account, fearing that you may be ill among strangers.

"Only on Sunday last, when I happened to speak to our minister, after morning service, I got a slight clue to you; for he told me that you had asked him for a church letter to the Rector of St. John's parish in Richmond.

"That information gives me the opportunity of writing to you, with some prospect of having my letter reach you, for I can inclose it to the Rector of St. John's, who will probably by this time know your address.

"And now, having explained how it is that I am enabled to write to you, I must tell you the news.

"The great nuisance of the 'Commencement' is abated.

"It is all over; the students, the visitors, and the vagrants have nearly all gone, and the town is empty and—peaceful.

"One set of visitors I lamented to lose. They went on Saturday.

"I mean, of course, your friends from Blue Cliffs. They were all charming.

"I was very much interested in Miss Cavendish.

"And now, my dear child, although I am no gossip and no meddler, as you are well aware, I really must tell you what I would not tell to any other living being, and which I tell you only because I know you to be perfectly discreet, and also deeply interested in the parties of whom I shall take the liberty of writing.

"There are three marriages in prospect, my dear. I see it quite plainly. Our young people are the frankest and most innocent of human beings. They have no disguises.

"Who are to be married? you ask me.

"I will tell you who, I *think*, will be married.

"First Mr. Alden Lytton and Miss Emma Cavendish.

"Not a prudent marriage for her, because she is a minor, with an immense fortune. And he is a young lawyer, with not a dollar of his own, and his way yet to make in the world.

"But what can we do about it?

"With one guardian in her dotage, and the other at the antipodes, Miss Cavendish is practically, if not legally, her own mistress.

"The only comfort is, that the young man in question is rich in *everything else*, if not in money.

"Well, the second prospective marriage pleases me better. The Rev. Mr. Lyle, a worthy young clergyman, is devoted to Miss Laura Lytton.

"The third approaching nuptials interest me least of all, in any manner. A dark, brigandish looking Californian, of almost fabulous wealth, who is the friend and guest of Mr. Lyle, has evidently fallen in love at first sight with pretty little sparkling Electra Coroni.

"They have all gone down to Wendover together, and the Lyttons are to make a long visit at Blue Cliffs.

"I must not forget to tell you that worthy young man, Mr. Kyte, has been here inquiring after you with much anxiety. He went back to Wendover a day or two before our young people left.

"Now, my dearest Mary, let me hear that you are well, and believe me ever your devoted friend,

"MARIA WHEATFIELD."

CHAPTER XCV.

A DIABOLICAL PLOT.

> Between the acting of a dreadful thing
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;
> The genius and the mortal instruments
> Are then in council; and the state of man,
> Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
> The nature of an insurrection.
>
> SHAKESPEARE'S JULIUS CÆSAR.

No language can adequately describe the mortification and rage that filled the bosom of Mary Grey as she read the foregoing letter.

Two of her once ardent worshippers—handsome Alden Lytton and eloquent Stephen Lyle—had forsaken her shrine, and were offering up their devotions to other divinities.

They had wounded her vanity to the very quick.

And to wound Mary Grey's vanity was to incur Mary Grey's deadly hatred.

She was always a very dangerous woman, and under such an exasperation she could become a very desperate enemy.

She had felt so sure that no woman, however young and lovely, could ever become her rival, or even her successor, in any man's affections. So sure, also, that no man, however wise and strong, could ever resist her fascinations or escape from her thraldom.

And now that charming illusion was rudely dispelled! She saw herself even contemptuously abandoned by her subjects, who transferred their allegiance to a couple of "bread and butter school-girls," as she sneeringly designated Emma Cavendish and Laura Lytton.

She was consumed with jealousy—not the jealousy born of love, which is like the thorn of the rose, a defence of the rose, but the jealousy born of self-love, which is like the thorn of the thorn-apple, a deadly poison.

She sat on one of her trunks, with her elbows on her knees, and her clutched fists supporting her chin. Her lips were drawn back from her clenched teeth, and her black eyes gleamed like fire from the deathly whiteness of her face.

And so she sat and brooded and brooded over her mortifications, and studied and studied how she might pull down ruin upon the heads of those hated young people who were loving each other and enjoying life at the cost of her humiliation.

And of course the foul fiend very soon entered into her counsels and assisted her.

"I have one devoted slave—one willing instrument left yet," she muttered to herself; "he would pay any price—yes, the price of his soul, for my love! He shall pay *my* price down! He shall be the means of drawing destruction upon all their heads! Yes, Miss Cavendish, marry Alden Lytton, if you *will*, and afterward look honest men and women in the face if you *can!* Yes, Stephen Lyle, become the husband of Laura Lytton, and then hold up your head in the pulpit, if you dare! Ah, if my plot succeed! Ah, if my plot succeed, how terribly will I be avenged! And it SHALL succeed!" she hissed through her grinding teeth, with a grim hatred distorting her white features and transforming her beautiful face for an instant into demoniac hideousness.

She started up and commenced traversing the floor, as a furious tigress her den.

When she had raged herself into something like composure, she opened her writing case and wrote the following letter:

"RICHMOND, Va., Aug. —, 18—.

"TO CRAVEN KYTE, ESQ.—*Dear Friend:* My wanderings have come to a temporary end here in this city, where I expect to remain for some weeks, even if I do not conclude to make it my permanent residence.

"Shall I trouble you to do me a favor? Some time ago I left in the hands of the jeweller at Wendover a little pearl brooch, which I forgot to call for when I left, and have neglected to send for ever since.

"The brooch in itself is of small intrinsic value; but as it is an old family relic, I should like to recover it. Will you therefore please go to the jeweller's and get it, and send it to me in a registered letter by mail? and I shall be very much indebted to you. And if you should happen to come to this city during my stay here, I hope you will call to see me; for I should be very glad to see any old friend from Wendover.

"Yours truly, M. GREY."

She immediately sealed this letter, rang for a waiter, and dispatched it to the post-office.

This letter had been written for but one purpose—to bring Craven Kyte immediately to Richmond, without seeming especially to invite him to come.

She always wrote her letters with an eye to the remote contingency of their being produced in court, or read in public.

This letter to Craven Kyte was a sample of her non-committal style; it compromised no one.

When she had sent it off, she began to pack up her effects, in preparation for their removal on Monday morning to "The Miss Cranes'."

Even after that work was done she could not be still. Like an uneasy beast of prey, she must needs move to and fro.

So she put on her bonnet, called a carriage, and drove out to the rectory to spend the evening.

But though she was received in the most friendly manner, she could not enjoy the visit. She was absent and distracted during the whole evening.

She returned late to a restless bed. And then she got up and took laudanum to put her to sleep. And this was not the first time she had had to resort to the same dangerous narcotic.

No more rest for Mary Grey!

Remorse sometimes begins *before* the commission of a contemplated and determined crime; repentance never. That is one difference between the two.

On Sunday morning, to keep herself actively employed, as well as to win "golden opinions," Mrs. Grey dressed herself plainly, but very becomingly, and went early to the Sunday-school at old St. John's, to offer herself as a teacher.

She was soon appointed to the temporary charge of a class of little girls, whose regular teacher was then absent on a summer tour of the watering places.

Afterward she attended both morning and afternoon services, and went to a missionary meeting in the evening.

Still, after all the fatigues of the day, she was unable to sleep at night, and again she had recourse to the deadly drug.

On Monday morning she paid her week's bill at the hotel, and removed to the Miss Cranes'.

She was received with lofty politeness by the two maiden ladies; and she was put in immediate possession of her apartment—a spacious chamber, with a balcony overhanging the front flower-garden.

She had scarcely finished unpacking her effects, and transfering them from her trunks to the bureaus and wardrobes of the chamber, before a card was brought to her by the neat parlor-maid of the establishment.

The card bore the name of Mr. CRAVEN KYTE.

"Where is the gentleman?" inquired Mrs. Grey.

"In the drawing-room, madam," answered the maid.

"Ask him to be so kind as to wait. I will be down directly," said Mrs. Grey.

The girl left the room to take her message, and Mrs. Grey began to change her dress, smiling strangely to herself as she did so.

She gave a last finishing touch to the curls of her glossy black hair, and a last lingering look at the mirror, and then she went down stairs.

There, alone in the drawing-room, stood the one devoted lover and slave that she had left, in the whole world.

He came down the room to meet her.

"*You* here! Oh, I'm so delighted to see you!" she said, in a low tone full of feeling, as she went toward him, holding out both her hands.

He trembled from head to foot, and turned pale and red by turns, as he took them.

"I am very happy— You are so good to say so. I was almost afraid— I thought you might consider it a liberty—my coming," faltered the poor fellow, in sore confusion.

"A liberty? How could you possibly imagine I would consider your coming here a liberty on your part? Why, dearest friend, I consider it a favor from you, a pleasure for me. Why should you think otherwise?" inquired Mary Grey, with her most alluring smile.

"Oh thanks, thanks; but it was your letter."

"My letter? Sit down, Craven, dear, and compose yourself. Here, sit here," she said, seating herself on the sofa and signing for him to take the place by her side.

He dropped, trembling, flushing and paling, into the indicated seat.

"Now tell me what there was in my harmless letter to disturb you," she murmured, passing her soft fingers over his forehead and running them through the dark curls of his hair.

"Nothing that was *meant* to disturb me, I know. It was all kindness. You could not write to me, or to *any* one, otherwise than kindly," faltered the lover.

"Well, then?" inquired Mary Grey, in a pretty, reproachful tone.

"But I felt it was cold, *cold*," sighed the young man.

"Why, you dearest of dears, one must be discreet in writing letters. Suppose my letter had expressed all my feelings toward you, and then had fallen into the hands of any one else? Such mistakes are made in the mails sometimes. How would you have liked it?" she inquired, patting his cheeks.

"I should have been wild. But it would only have been at the loss of your letter. As for me, Heaven knows, I should not mind if all the world knew how much I adore you. On the contrary, I should glory in it," added the lover.

"But a lady feels differently. She only lets her *lover* know how well she loves him; and not always does she even let him know," softly murmured the beautiful temptress, as she lightly caressed his raven curls.

"And now tell me the news, dear Craven! How are all our friends at Blue Cliffs?" she archly inquired.

"I only want to tell you how much I adore you," whispered the lover, who was beginning to recover his composure.

"That would be a vain repetition, darling, especially as I know it all quite well," murmured Mary Grey with a smile, and still passing her hand with mesmeric gentleness over his hair.

"Aye; but when will you make me completely happy?" sighed the poor fellow.

"Whew!" smiled Mary Grey, with a little bird-like whistle; "how fast we are getting on, to be sure! Why, a few minutes ago, we were afraid that we were taking a liberty in coming here to call on our lady-love at all. And now we are pressing her to name the day. See here, you impatient boy; answer me this: When did I ever promise to 'make you happy' *at all?*" she inquired, in a bantering tone.

"But you gave me hopes—oh, do not say that you never gave me hopes!" he pleaded, turning red and pale, and trembling from head to foot as before.

"Well, I don't say it; for I know I promised if ever I should marry living man, I should marry you. I repeat that promise now, dear Craven!" she added gravely and tenderly.

"Ah, Heaven bless you for those blessed words! But when—*when* will you make me happy? Oh, if I possess your love, when—*when* shall I possess your hand?" he pleaded. And then, as if suddenly ashamed of his own vehemence, he stopped in confusion.

"You have won my love, you petulant boy!" she answered archly. Then dropping her voice to its tenderest music, she murmured, "What would you do to win my hand?"

"Anything—anything under the sun!" he answered wildly, and forgetting all his embarrassment. "Whatever man has done to win woman, would I do to win you!—*more* than ever man did to win woman, would I do to win you! I would renounce my friends, betray my country, abjure my faith, LOSE MY SOUL for you!"

"Words, words, words! You talk recklessly. You *know* you would not do the least one of these dreadful deeds for me," answered Mary Grey, laying her hand on his lips.

"TRY ME!"

CHAPTER XCVI.

THE PRICE OF A SOUL.

> I love you, love you; for your love would lose
> State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem.
>
> BYRON.

He spoke these two words with such a desperate look, in such a desperate tone, that Mary Grey was half frightened; for she saw that he was in that fatal mood in which men have been driven to crime or death for the love of woman.

This was the mood to which she wished to bring him, and in which she wished to keep him until he should have done her work, and yet it half frightened her now.

"Hush, hush!" she murmured. "Be quiet. There are people in the next room. They may hear you. And I am sure if they should do so, they would take you for a lunatic."

"But—do you believe me? Do you believe that I would defy the universe in your service? Do you believe me? If not, try me!" he aspirated vehemently.

"I *do* believe you. And some day I *will* try you. You have won my love; but he who wins my hand must first prove his love for me in a way that will leave no doubt upon the fact."

"Then I am safe, for I am sure to prove it," he said, with a sigh of intense relief.

She looked at him again, and knew that he spoke but as he felt. Yes, for her sake he would "march to death as to a festival."

"Now then, will you be good and quiet, and tell me news of my old neighbors at Wendover and Blue Cliffs?" she archly inquired.

"I do not think I can. I wish to sit here and look at you and think only of you. It would be a painful wrench to tear away my thoughts from you, and employ them upon anything else. Let me sit here in my heaven!" he pleaded.

"Yes, love; but remember I am very anxious to know something about my dear friends, whom I have not heard from for a month. Cannot you gratify me?" coaxed Mary Grey.

"I cannot fix my mind upon them long enough to remember anything. You absorb it all," he answered, dreamily gazing upon her.

"But if I ask you questions, surely you can answer them," said Mary Grey, who, though very anxious for information later than that afforded by Mrs. Wheatfield's letter, was not ill-pleased at the devotion which baffled her curiosity.

"Yes, I will answer any question you ask. *That* will not be so much of a wrench," he said.

"Then how is my dear friend Emma Cavendish?" inquired the traitress.

"Well and happy, at Blue Cliffs," answered the lover.

"Is it true, as I hear, that she is to marry—" Mary Grey hesitated for a moment before her choking voice could pronounce his name—"Mr. Alden Lytton?"

"Yes, I believe so. Everybody says so."

"When?"

"As soon as he gets established in his profession, I suppose."

"Tell me about him."

"Well, he is coming here on the first of the month, to find an office and fit it up. And then he is going on to Philadelphia to select books for a law library."

"Ah, he is coming here, and he is going on to Philadelphia. Yes, yes, yes, yes. That will do," murmured Mary Grey to herself.

"What did you say?" inquired Craven Kyte.

"I said that it was a good plan; but it will take money," answered Mrs. Grey.

"Yes, that it will. And he has got it. That mysterious guardian of his has sent him ten thousand dollars to begin with."

"A round sum! When did you say he was coming here?"

"On the first of next month, or perhaps before the end of this month."

"Good! Very good!"

"Good for what?" innocently inquired Craven Kyte.

"Good for his professional prospects, of course. The sooner he begins the better, isn't it?"

"O yes, certainly."

"And when does he go to Philadelphia?"

"Just as soon as he has selected his law office, and set painters and glaziers and paper-hangers and upholsterers, and such, to fit it up. For no expense is to be spared, and the young lawyer is to set up in style. For such is the wish of his guardian."

"You know this?"

"Yes, I know it. One knows everything that anybody else knows in a small village like Wendover."

"You do not know when Mr. Lytton and Miss Cavendish are to be married?"

"No, because I do not think they know themselves. But the people say it will be as soon as the young gentleman gets settled in his practice."

"Good again! The delay is favorable," muttered Mary Grey to herself.

"What did you say?" again inquired the ingenuous young man.

"I say the delay is wise, of course."

"Oh, yes, certainly," assented Mr. Kyte.

"And now tell me about the others," said Mrs. Grey.

But her lover took her hand, and gazed into her face, murmuring:

"O, my love, my life, let me sit here and hold your thrilling little hand and gaze into your beautiful eyes, and think only of you for a moment!"

She put her hand around his head and drew it toward her, and pressed a kiss upon his forehead, and then said:

"There! Now you will go on for me, will you not?"

"I would die for you," he earnestly exclaimed.

"I would rather you would live for me, you mad boy!" she answered, smiling archly.

"I will do anything for you."

"Then answer my questions. Is it also true that Mr. Lyle and Miss Lytton are to be married?"

"O yes. That is certain. Their engagement is announced. There is no secret about that."

"When are they to be married?"

"Well, you see, there is a slight obstacle to their immediate union."

"What is that?"

"An old school-girl compact between Miss Cavendish and Miss Lytton, in which they promised each other that they would both be married on the same day, or never at all."

"A very silly, girlish compact."

"Very."

"Why do they not break it by mutual consent?"

"Because mutual consent cannot be had. Miss Cavendish indeed offers to release Miss Lytton from her promise; but Miss Lytton refuses to be released. And although her clerical lover presses her to name an earlier day, she will name no other than the day upon which Miss Cavendish also weds, be that day sooner or later."

"So it is settled that they will be married upon the same day?"

"Quite settled."

"How do you know?"

"Everything is known in a little country town like Wendover, as I said before."

"They will be married the same day. Better and better. If I had arranged it all myself it could not be better for my plans," muttered Mary Grey to herself.

"What did you say?" inquired Craven Kyte.

"I say, I think, upon the whole, the arrangement is a good one."

"O yes. Certainly," admitted the young man.

"Where are you stopping, Craven?" softly inquired Mrs. Grey.

"Oh, at the same hotel from which you dated your letter. I thought you were there, and so I went directly there from the cars. When I inquired for you— I hope you will pardon my indiscretion in inquiring for you," he said, breaking off from his discourse.

"O yes, I will pardon it; but it was a very great indiscretion, you thoughtless boy, for a handsome youth like you to be inquiring for a young widow like me at a public hotel. Now go on with what you were talking about."

"Well, when I inquired for you, they told me you had left this very morning, and they gave me your present address."

"That was the way in which you found me?"

"That was the way I found you. But before starting to come here, I engaged my room at that hotel; for after it had been blessed by *your* dear presence, it had quite a home-like feeling to me," said the lover fervently.

"How long do you stay in the city, Craven, dear?" sweetly inquired the siren.

His face clouded over.

"I must return to-morrow," he said. "It was the only condition upon which our principal would consent to my leaving yesterday. He is going north to purchase his fall and winter goods, you see, and wants me to be there."

"How long will he be absent?"

"He says only four days, at the longest."

"And when does he go?"

"By the next train following my return."

"Then he will be back again at his post by Saturday evening?"

"Yes; in fact he intends to be back by the end of the week, and that is the very reason why he is so anxious to get away to-morrow night."

"Craven, dear, when your senior partner gets back, do you think you will be able to return here for a few days?"

"Do you really wish me to come back so soon?" exclaimed the lover, his face flushing all over with pleasure.

"Yes; but don't cry out so loud—that's a dear! I repeat, there are people in the next room. But you have not yet answered my question."

"O yes, I can return here as soon as my partner gets back. He promised that I should take a week's holiday then. So, if he gets back on Saturday evening, expect to see me here on Sunday morning, in time to wait on you to church."

"Stop; not so fast, my dear. You can take your week's holiday at any time, I suppose?"

"At any time this month or next."

"Very well. Now, dear boy, I want you to promise me two or three things."

"I will promise you anything in the world you wish."

"Then listen. Every time I write to you, I will inclose within my letter *another letter, sealed and directed to me, which you must stamp and post at the Wendover post-office.* Will you do that for me?"

While she spoke, the young man gazed at her in unqualified amazement.

"Will you do that for me?" she repeated.

"I solemnly promise to do that for you, although I am all in the dark as to what you would be at," earnestly answered Craven Kyte.

"I thank you, dearest dear," cooed the siren, caressing him tenderly.

"I would do anything in the world for you," he answered fervently. "I would die for you, or live for you!"

"Well, secondly, I want you, when you go back, to keep an eye on Mr. Alden Lytton. Find out, if possible, the day that he comes to this city. And precede him here yourself by one train. Or if that is not possible, if you cannot find out beforehand the day that he is to come, at least you can certainly know when he actually *does* start, for every passenger from Wendover is noticed. And then follow him by the next train, and come directly from the depot to me, before going to a hotel, or showing yourself at any other place. Will you do that for me?"

"I promise, on my sacred word and honor, that I will, although I have not the slightest idea why you wish me to do this?" said Craven.

"You are a true knight, worthy of any lady's love. Well, thirdly and *lastly*, as the preachers say, I wish you to promise me never to divulge to a human being anything that has been said between us during this interview."

"I not only promise, but I solemnly vow, in the sight of Heaven and all the holy angels, sacredly to observe the silence you require of me, although I feel more and more deeply mystified by all this."

"You must trust in me, my dear, blindly trust in me for the present, and in time you shall know why I require these things of you," she said very sweetly.

"I trust in you blindly, utterly, eternally," answered the lover.

"And now, do you know what your reward shall be?"

"Your smile of approval will be my all-sufficient reward," exclaimed the young man earnestly.

"Ah, but you shall hear. When you have done these little favors for me, and *one more* which I will tell you about when you come back from Wendover, then—" she said, pausing, and looking at him with a bewildering smile.

"Then? Yes! Then?" eagerly aspirated the young man, gazing at her in rapt admiration and expectancy.

"Then I will give you my hand in marriage. I solemnly promise it."

"Oh, you angel! you angel! you have made me so happy!" fervently breathed the infatuated lover, as he drew her, unresisting, and pressed her to his heart.

At this point there was heard the sound of light footsteps approaching.

And the moment after, several of the lady boarders opened the door and entered the room.

Craven Kyte, always shy of strangers, arose to take leave.

As he did so, he seemed suddenly to recollect something.

He put his hand in his breast pocket and drew forth a little box, which he handed to Mrs. Grey, saying:

"It is your broach that you requested me to get from the jeweller."

And then, with a bow, he left her.

Mary Grey went back to her room.

"I shall succeed in ruining them all now," she said, her dark eyes on fire with anticipated triumph!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ECONOMY.—Economy in everything is necessary, but in nothing more so than in "the stuff of which life is made." Five hundred dollars per annum, well and judiciously employed, will be productive of more real enjoyment than five thousand dollars wasted in unwise speculation or foolish indulgence. It is also equally true, that a life is long or short, not so much in proportion to the number of years of its duration, as the manner in which those years are employed.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1872.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or of the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

OUR TERMS FOR 1872—NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Single copies, $3 per annum; four copies, $10, which is $2.50 a copy; eight copies, $20. The party who sends us $20 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Postmasters and others who get up clubs, in their respective towns, can afterwards add single copies at $2.50. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage. When a draft or money-order can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. The postage on the *Ledger* to all parts of the country is only twenty cents a year, or five cents a quarter, payable at the office where the paper is delivered.

☞ We employ no travelling agents. Address all communications to

ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

The Inquisitorial Income Tax—the Tyrant's Rod.

The following questions are propounded by Assessors of the Internal Revenue, and answers to them are required to be made in writing and sworn to:

"Had your wife any income last year?

Did any minor child of yours earn any wages or salary last year, and, if so, did you receive such wages or salary?

Have you included in this return the income of your wife, and salary or wages of minor children received?

Have you any stocks, and what are they?

Have you bought or sold stocks or other property?

Have you any United States securities?

Have you given or transferred to any child or children of yours, or to any other person or persons, the income, gains, or profits, or any part of the income, gains, or profits, arising during the year 1871, from stocks, bonds, or other securities, or from any other source whatever?

Is such income included in the foregoing return?

Have you transferred any stocks, bonds, or other securities, or any other property, or the interest or other gains or profits arising therefrom during the year 1871, for the purpose of diminishing your own taxable income, and, if so, when and to whom?

Have you kept any book account?

Is your income estimated, or taken from your books?

Have any of the deductions claimed in your return already been taken out of the amount reported as profits?

Did you estimate any portion of your profits in making your return for previous years?

Was any portion treated as worthless, and, if since paid, have you included it in this return?

Was any portion of the amount returned by you under item 6 received by you as a depositor in any savings bank or provident institution, and how much?"

This system of rigid and impertinent examination into every man's private affairs might be consistent with a despotic government, but it is wholly at variance with the principles of a free republic. We shall be greatly surprised if any political party is able long to survive the carrying of such a burdensome dead weight.

During the war, and immediately after it, people were willing to submit to almost anything, especially if they thought it might be a necessity; but there has already been a great change of feeling in this respect, and that change is constantly increasing. Every one now understands that the government credit can be maintained, and the public debt be paid ultimately, without resorting to the contemptible Paul Pry policy.

The Income Tax, from the beginning, was an unconstitutional tax. It is a direct tax, and is understood and denominated a direct tax universally in England. The Constitution of the United States provides that direct taxes shall be levied relatively to the population of the several States. The Income Tax is not so apportioned, and consequently is a clear violation of the Constitution.

Swarms of Assessors and Collectors, whose occupation it is to enforce this odious and unconstitutional enactment, fill the land. They have to be supported out of the honest industry of the people. These officers, as well as the law which they execute, are gradually coming to be looked upon with loathing and abhorrence. They are pests, and the people desire to be rid of them.

We do not recommend the support of any political party in particular; but we regard all public men who identify themselves with the inquisitorial internal revenue system and the Income Tax as anti-American in sentiment, and unworthy of the support of American freemen.

The readers of the *Ledger*, by an out-spoken and consistent opposition to this hateful system, can do much toward hastening the day when the Income Tax will be blotted from the National Statute Book.

◆

Devotion of a Daughter.

The Hon. WILLIAM SCHLEY, for many years past one of the leading lawyers at the Maryland Bar, died a few days ago of small-pox. His daughter encountered the risk of contagion from the dreadful disease, and remained by his side throughout his illness. The *Baltimore Evening Journal*, in announcing his death, says:

"Our whole heart goes forth to that heroic daughter, who has ennobled her sex by her courage in this terrible ordeal, and the sympathy of the good and the true will go forth to her who is as brave as her dear father, and who, throughout 'The anguish of her mute and fearful tenderness,' heroically performed her duty."

◆

THE LEDGER—HOW WE MAKE IT SO INTERESTING.—We pay for articles in proportion to their value; but then we never accept anything unless it is very good. The consequence is that when leading editors all over the country happen to write anything that is very good—something above their average—they straightway send it to us. We have such an article this week from that popular writer, the Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN of the *Independent*. In this way we get the cream of everything.

Broken Rails—Break Purses.

The cry of "Broken Rail" comes up again from every direction. "Another Railroad Accident—a Broken Rail," says the telegraph, almost daily.

So it is every spring. As the frost begins to leave the ground, the imperfectly constructed road-beds become uneven, and the cracked or worn rails break under the pressure of the locomotive and the cars.

"A broken rail;" but unfortunately that is seldom all that is broken. There are broken limbs—broken heads—lives suddenly extinguished, and then broken hearts follow.

Nearly all these occurrences are unnecessary, and might be prevented. They are called accidents; but they are the natural and inevitable result of culpable carelessness.

It is time that a heavier pressure should be brought to bear on the managers of railways who neglect their duty. There is little to be expected in the way of criminal punishments. Such punishments are rarely enforced for such misdemeanors, and there is but slight ground to hope that they will become anything but exceptional.

One remedy, however, is practicable: that is, the mulcting of the railroad companies in heavy pecuniary damages. We are glad to see that in a recent case in Massachusetts, which was referred to arbitrators, an award of *twenty-five thousand* dollars has been made! The victim lost all his fingers and one eye; and when we come to consider the extent and character of his injuries, it must be admitted that even twenty-five thousand dollars is a paltry and insufficient recompense. Indeed no pecuniary remuneration would be adequate. But then the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars is something for the unfortunate sufferer to receive—and something too for a railroad corporation to be compelled to pay!

One of the arbitrators was formerly Chief-justice of the Supreme Court of the State, and the other two were prominent citizens. We hope their example will be followed hereafter by juries, as well as by referees. If soulless corporations prefer to leave their railroads out of order, and subject passengers to unnecessary risks whenever an accident does happen and injury to travellers results, let the companies be made to pay as they ought to—not some small and niggard sum, but liberally and largely.

A wise economy would anticipate any such events by applying the cost of accidents to their prevention; and this would be far better, both for the corporations and the public.

◆

The Prevalence and Horrors of Opium Eating.

The Massachusetts State Board of Health has published a document on opium eating in the United States which may well occasion surprise and pain in its readers. The number of opium eaters in the country is set down at over eighty thousand. The increase in the consumption of the drug is rapid, from year to year. The habit of eating it once acquired, is controlled with the greatest difficulty, and by far the greater number find it impossible to shake it off. If less marked in its immediate effects than alcohol, opium is far more sure of its victim. A man who begins to eat opium at twenty, seldom lives beyond the age of thirty-six, and many are killed by it by the time they are thirty. Many who have abandoned alcoholic drinks take to opium, and a Boston druggist states that a noted temperance lecturer is one of his regular customers for this drug. Women constitute the larger proportion of opium eaters, and usually acquire the habit by taking medicines largely composed of opium. Some of the victims take two ounces of laudanum daily, and cannot be induced to forego the indulgence. The attempt to break their terrible toils occasions them such intolerable suffering that they prefer death as an alternative.

◆

St. Patrick's Day—An Amusing Discussion.

"Why is the wolf on the flag?"

"Because St. Patrick was suckled by a wolf, don't you know?"

"No! that was Romulus."

"All a mistake, my dear fellow; it was Patrick, and his folks were called Patricians, same as ourselves, and they ruled the city, same as we do."

"But that was in ancient Rome—"

"Of course; they were Romans, same as ourselves."

"Well! but you mistake; the Patricians were the governing families—"

"Just so; and aren't we the governing families, and pretty big ones too?"

"Now you 're all wrong; the Patricians had the riches and the rule, and the people got up tribunes—"

"Did ye ever hear the like? The people got up tribunes! as if every mother's son of us did not know that HORACE GREELEY got up the *Tribune*! It 's ashamed of yourself ye ought to be!"

◆

Unable to Resist the Temptation.

There are some men—very few, to be sure—who ought not to read the *Ledger*. The reason is that they cannot resist the temptation of copying its contents without credit. They have not sufficient sense of justice to make them credit to the *Ledger* the articles which they extract from it, and at the same time they find things in it so interesting that they cannot resist the temptation to copy them, and thus give some popularity to their own papers. Of such is the editor of *The Witness*, a little daily. The editor seems to have forgotten that he is not now in Canada, where he used to republish the costly *Ledger* stories with impunity.

Another of the same kind is the editor of *Moore's Rural New Yorker*. Even if a man could not afford to pay for original contributions, he might be fair enough to give credit.

If these contemporaries cannot be just, and give credit for what they extract from the *Ledger*, let them abstain from reading it, and thus escape the temptation to copy.

◆

A Singular Revenge.

The *Hudson* (N. Y.) *Star* relates the following:

"About forty years ago there resided in the town of Jackson, Washington county, a well-to-do farmer, by the name of Ferguson. He was industrious and frugal, but after a time became addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks, and when under the influence of his favorite beverage, would be liberal to such an extent that he would give away any property which might be at his disposal at the time. Fearing that he would thus squander all his effects, a commission was obtained and the property placed in the hands of his son. When the papers were served on the old man, he remarked, 'You have taken my property from me, have you, and are obliged to support and take care of me? Well, then, take care of me.' He immediately took to his bed and continued to remain there, day and night, for twenty years. For the first few years he would get up and shave himself every Saturday, and then immediately take to his bed again, but for the last fifteen years of his life he was waited upon as an infant, notwithstanding he enjoyed good health and was in the possession of all his faculties, mental and physical."

FLYING KITES.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

No doubt, Mr. BONNER, when you have been driving out, and a little boy's little *kite* came bobbing around your horse's head, causing him to *shy*, you have felt like scolding the careless urchin, or even perhaps—such is the depravity of the human heart—giving him a cut with your whip.

But what if you were the boy? Suppose you had been shut up in a narrow alley, with not ten feet square of yard to stretch yourself in, and kicked around generally, all winter. At length spring comes! O the opening of the mild heaven to those who have been pinched all winter! The boy cannot buy a kite; he has not a red cent! He smooths out a piece of rough paper, puts in a stick to stiffen it, ties together bits of twine, yarn and thread, and then, seeking a wider street, or some avenue or outlet from the crowded city, he "starts her." The poor whirling kite bobs about, now plunging into the ditch, then making for a tree, or sprawling right across a horse's path. But then, to the lad, it is an exhilarating experience. It is not often that he looks as long up into the heaven. Mostly he has found his pleasure looking downward. Something of his own fluttering up in the clear air is a new sensation, and when with your fiery horse *you* come along, sitting up in your wagon snug and happy, no doubt, you think you are a far more important person than that ragged boy, and there is just where he differs with you. You say the road was made for gentlemen's teams; *he* says it was made for boys to frolic in. You say, "Boy, why don't you fly your kite somewhere else?" He says, "Mister, why don't you drive your *hoss* some other street? didn't ye see me a flyin' me kite here?" There is some human nature on both sides; but in the Court of Kind Feeling, they who have the most comfort and the most privileges, should give way a little to those who have but few. Great folks should beware of lessening any of the comforts of the poor. However, I must admit that boys ought not to fly kites in great thoroughfares.

Mr. BONNER, did you ever fly a kite? I don't mean in Wall-street fashion, but a good honest boy's kite? None of your shop-made five or ten cent-ers, that never ought to rise higher than a roof! but a real sky-scraper—a six-foot kite, long and bow-topped, or hexagonal, with frame sticks as thick as your thumb, and a tail five or ten yards long, and brand-new twine—a thousand yards on a stick or reel! How like a great bird it rises from the hand of the boy that runs off twenty yards to "give it a start!" some eagle, say, low perched, that is startled from its perch, and slowly, but with steady wing, rises powerfully into the air! It wavers a little. Is it going to pitch? No. With a wide but regular curve to the right, then to the left, it comes at last to its bearings, and rises up steadily, straight into the heavens! That thin string—what electric joy it brings down!

"That kite, Mister; do you see it?—'way up yonder, not so big as a sheet of paper. Well, that 's *my* kite!"

The boy feels himself in some blind way to fill all the air between himself and that kite! For hours he will stand and watch it, almost as motionless as the fence he leans upon. How deep, how pure the blue Beyond is! A thought steals out of it, without form, without conscious recognition—a mere dash of delicious sadness! But there is that wide horizon, that uplifted dome, that illimitable stretch of ether, beyond all fathoming, and it stirs the cords in the young heart!

Now, sir, it may be all very well for you to sit behind a horse full and fierce in his speed, and by the reins, to hold, guide, or check him. But what is that compared with the boy's horse in the air, and his long reins running out of sight into the air? By skillful manipulation, he makes his paper steed run through its paces: it swerves to the right; it recovers toward the left; it dips and sinks, as if collapsing; it gathers its strength again, and rises up, like an eagle bound for the sun.

The wind is rising. See how the twine vibrates like a violin string. It pulls till your hands ache. There is no such wind below. It is quite tranquil along the grass. But far up there, there is a rushing current. The kite feels it, and worries. It grows restless, as if seeking to escape. Let it come down!

The first pull shows that it is high time. One must wind, while the other hauls in. And yet the kite does not wish to come down. See how with every yard drawn in it rises straight up, as if it would forsake the earth, and seek the upper air! Ah! to let go the earth would be to come tumbling down upon it headlong! It is that string against which it strives that holds it steadily to its place.

And now it begins manifestly to draw near. The ribs appear; it sways and dashes a little, but at every pull descends. It coquets a little, as if afraid to be touched; it nears the earth; and now, with a skillful *let go*, it falls flat upon the grass, and is borne home triumphantly. The boy that owns such a kite is the hero of the neighborhood. May he never fly any worse kite than that!

◆

The Tables Turned.

Within a few years past application has frequently been made by young ladies for admission as students into colleges devoted to the education of young men. In nearly every case the fair applicant has been politely turned from the college door, and the refusal to admit her has elicited vehement expressions of indignation on the part of the advocates of Women's Rights.

But now there comes up a new phase of this subject. Two young men recently applied for admission, as students, into a female college. They furnished the best recommendations as to ability and character. They showed that they could undergo the discipline of the institution, and master the studies of the college course, as well as any young lady. In fact, they gave all the reasons for their admission into the college for young ladies that have been urged for the admission of young lady students into colleges for young men. But they were sternly and indignantly rejected, simply because they were young men and not young ladies.

Should not what is sauce for the goose be sauce for the gander?

◆

HAD SEEN A GOOD DEAL OF THE HUDSON.—Captain JEREMIAH AUSTIN died recently, in his ninetieth year. He had been connected with business on the Hudson river seventy years. He left an estate of one hundred thousand dollars. If he had been obliged to pay as much for his "views of the Hudson" as they asked us when we were looking for a farm on the banks of that river, we apprehend he would have died a poor man.

◆

A New Brand of Hams.

The following note from Messrs. SAMUEL MCKEEHAN & Co., Pork Packers and Commission Merchants, of Cincinnati, refers to a new brand of hams:

CINCINNATI, February 24, 1872.

ROBERT BONNER, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* We write you of the liberty taken in adopting the name and picture of your celebrated horse "Dexter," as a brand for our Sugar-cured Hams, and hope the accompanying tierce, which we respectfully tender as a peace-offering, may be found, like its namesake, "hard to beat." Yours respectfully,

SAMUEL MCKEEHAN & CO.

We have received the hams above referred to, and find them of very superior quality. The brand seems to be an appropriate one, for such hams are sure to *go fast*—wherever good living is appreciated.

LA BELLE SAUVAGE.

BY REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

There she goes prancing down the avenue, with the high-stepping, short-chopping gait of the period! The rings are not in her nose, but they dangle from her ears and bulge out the fingers of her dainty kids; the feathers are not in her hair, but they lean and nod in rakish fashion from the top of her jockey; the paint—well, no matter about the paint, only it is plain that the artist who put it on has not yet learned to rival the flesh tints of Titian.

Is it not a pity that so beautiful a creature should be only a savage? The airy form, the graceful gesture, the delicate hand, the radiant face, kindle your admiration—almost awaken your awe. Is there anything fairer on the earth? Is it possible that any vision lovelier than this should haunt the dreams of poet or painter?

Yet it must be owned, that when the eye finally rests upon that point in the picture which ought to be most luminous—upon the face, from which should shine a light that no painter can ever put upon the canvas—you are a little disappointed. In its central glory, the vision does not answer to the demands of your thought. Those eyes have not enough of speculation in them; those lips are not curled with the scorn of scorn, and there is the faintest suggestion of vacancy upon the unwrinkled brow.

The lips part, and you listen. Horror of horrors! Clearly this speech is the language of a semi-barbarian! The nurse to whose care the fair creature was intrusted in her childhood, has given her a dialect and a style of pronunciation which no subsequent training will avail to correct. And the utterance lacks substance as well as form. It is not only affected and uncouth, it is flippant and feeble. It is only the genteel slang of the saloons: a few conventional phrases, a tangle of badly adjusted adjectives, a torrent of gush. One mark of the savage is very plain: it is the love of exaggeration and superlative.

You drop the plummet of inquiry and discover that the mind is full of emptiness; you test the training of the higher faculties, and find them limp and inactive. The case is too clear. The being you are talking with is only a beautiful savage. She has no higher enjoyment than that which she finds in costume and decoration; her life is all in the things that are seen; there is no sign of any high development of mind or heart. Subtract from the sum of her mental acquisitions all that pertains merely to the fashions and conventions of stylish living—take away the mere exterior arts of city breeding—and the remainder would not differ greatly from the mental store of the daughter of Big Thunder or the wife of Hole-in-the-Day.

It is of course impossible that any person should live in a city like this without learning something, but it is astonishing how little some of those who have spent their lives here contrive to know. Especially is it lamentable that so many of our girls are content, in the midst of such a civilization, to grow up beautiful savages.

But a little mental wakefulness, but a faltering inquiry, would bring them abundant accumulations of knowledge. One who does not study at all may get a liberal education by simply looking and listening. Alas! that it must be said of so many, "Seeing, they see, but do not perceive; and hearing, they hear, but do not understand!" Ships from a hundred shores bring tribute to our commerce; the thought and the activity of the busiest land under the sun converges upon our streets and our market-places; nowhere else in the world is there so much to awaken thought. To satisfy the desire thus kindled the provision is not so large as it might be, but it more than meets the demand. Galleries, libraries, cabinets, lectures, schools of art, furnish a supply of instruction which is but sparingly accepted. And thousands of these girls of ours who have absolutely nothing else to do—who have not only leisure, but wealth and opportunity—walk in the midst of all this stir of thought without beginning to think; pass every day the portals that invite to high pursuits, without a desire to enter; what is worse, live all their lives within reach of ignorant and suffering multitudes, without a feeling of responsibility, or a purpose of unselfish living!

Is it not a pity that any girl should be insensible to all these stimulating and inviting influences; that she should find amid such conditions and possibilities no higher career than that of a beautiful savage?

Have I said that the girls of the cities are all savages? I have said nothing of the sort. The best girls in the world—the most highly cultivated, the most simple-mannered, the most truly consecrated girls in the world, are in the cities. It takes high character to resist the tyrannies of style, and stand fast in virtuous simplicity. The women who get their training in such a conflict as this, are the women whose price is far above rubies. Our girls are not all savages; I shall not undertake to say how many of them belong in this category; but nobody can deny that there are thousands among them whose life is little above that of the savage, and who are doing their best to drag their sisters down into the same garish and tinselled barbarism.

I went the other day with my little daughter to a reception, which, it was announced, would be perfectly informal, not a dress party at all; and there I saw little chits of six years old and upward, bedecked and bedizened with silks and laces, flirting their finery from room to room and utterly consumed with their own vanity. It was pitiful to see the contemptuous glances which they cast upon the few children who were plainly dressed; it was painful to think that they were beginning even at this early age to find their chief enjoyment in show and splendor; it was shocking to listen to their talk among themselves. "Isn't she sweet!" "Oh, you darling! what a beauty you are!" "I never saw you look so lovely!" Such were the thoughts upon which these young immortals were feeding—such the insincere and heartless speech to which their tongues were already twisted! Is it necessary to say that they had learned this of their mothers? Is it strange that girls who begin life in this way should grow to be beautiful savages?

◆

Died on His way to a Funeral.

The body of ALLIE GRAFF, a little boy who fell through the ice last winter, at Salem, New Jersey, was recovered only a few days ago. The Salem *Standard* relates the following incident of the little fellow's funeral:

"On Wednesday last, as Mr. JOHN MCDONNOL was conveying the body of ALLIE GRAFF to burial, he was noticed to fall over in his wagon. He was taken up and placed on the seat, but after proceeding a short distance further again fell over, and when taken up was discovered to be dying. He was conveyed to the residence of ROBERT GWYNNE, ESQ., where he breathed his last. The cause of his death is said to have been apoplexy."

◆

A Cyclone in Tennessee.

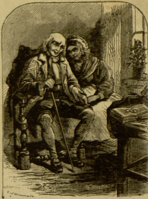
The *Nashville Union*, describing the destruction caused by a cyclone which recently swept over a part of Tennessee, says:

"The noise increased every moment, and resembled the roar of a mighty cataract. Suddenly an immense volume of black clouds, resembling a water-spout, descended from the skies, whirling like an aerial ocean in a storm. It rushed down upon the forest, accompanied by rain and vivid lightning. Seizing the tallest giants of the forest by the limbs, it wrenched them from the ground and whirled them like straws before it. It passed in a south-westerly direction, in a solid, compact body about three hundred yards wide, cutting a line through the woods as even in width as if lines had been drawn beforehand to guide its course. Wherever the dense black cloud passed, prostrate trees and fences and ruined cabins strewed the ground."

GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

Do you know I am thinking, to-morrow
We shall pass, on our journey through life,
One more of the milestones that bring us
Still nearer the goal, my good wife?
The glad anniversary morning
Of our wedding-day cometh once more,
And its evening will find *us* still waiting,
Who had thought to have gone long before.



We are *old*, wife: I know by the furrows
Time has plowed in your brow, once so fair;
I know by the crown of bright silver
He has left for your once raven hair;
I know by the frost on the flowers
That brightened our life at its dawn;
I know by the graves in the church-yard,
Where we counted our dead yestermorn.

Your way has been humble and toil-worn,
Your guest has been Trouble, good wife—
Part sunshine, more trials and sorrows,
Have made up your record through life.
But may the thought cheer you, my dear one:
Your patience and sweet, clinging love
Have made for me *here* such a heaven,
I have asked, "Is there brighter above?"

In Life's winter, sweet wife, we are living,
But its storms all unheeded will fall.
What care we, who have love and each other—
Who have proved, each to each, all in all?
Hand in hand, we await the night coming;
Giving thanks, down the valley we go;
For to love and to grow old together
Is the highest bliss mortals can know.

Some children are still left to bless us,
And lighten our hearts day by day;
If hope is not *always* fruition,
We will strive to keep on the right way.
We have sowed, and have reaped; but the harvest
That garners the world we await
And haply, at last, we may enter
Together the beautiful gate.

◆

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRLS OF NEW YORK.

One of the prettiest sights to be seen in the early morning is that of the little girls going to school. I like them best of a rainy day, because then their sweet little faces beam from out little close hoods, drawn about their red cheeks; and their little fat calves have such a tussle with the wind as they try to get round gusty corners; so that what with battling with their sandwich-boxes, and what with their geographies, their gleaming white teeth make a very lovely show between their rosy lips. What policeman, with the heart of a father, but would rather help a flock of these pretty birds across the street than a bevy of panier-ed ladies who shrink from their touch, all the while they are ready to scream with fright if they are *not* taken by the arm.

Commend me to the little girls of six, eight and twelve, who, not yet having come to their wickedness, squeal out with delicious frankness, "Mr. Policeman! Mr. Policeman! please come carry me over the street." And so they swarm round him like a cloud of bees till they are all safely landed on the other side.

Bless their little innocent faces! It is as good as a chapter of the Bible to any policeman, to see such sweet white lilies blossoming amid the physical and moral filth which they meet, in their rounds in the New York streets.

As it is rather an exception to find a little school-*boy* who is not either a little saintly prig or a little well-dressed ruffian and bully, I have not contemplated their goings and comings with the same satisfaction as I do that of their little sisters; though *why* a little *boy* shouldn't be as well-mannered as a little girl, I have always been at a loss to know.

FANNY FERN.

◆

Rev. Dr. John Hall on a Certain Class of Daily Papers.

[From the Christian Intelligencer.]

The views of events and tendencies given in the world's history are often, to say the least, one-sided. An earnest man is often a "bigot" or a "fanatic," to the daily paper. Spiritual wisdom is only a little way above folly to your ordinary reporter; and when religion is important enough to make the "notice" of it "pay," too often the touch is so clumsy, or irreverent, that religion gains but little. For who wants a comic history of Christendom? Let something go wrong in the religious world, and many a "daily" is in unwonted force. The "special correspondent" is on hand; and the interviewers—the "creeping things" of literary life—are abroad; and if all the readers of the *Bush-River Vulture* do not know what knaves and fools religious people are, it is not the fault of that fastidious bird. But the *Vulture* must be in most families. It contains the news of the other world—the births, marriages, bargains, and general tidings of human things among which the Bush-River people must live.

◆

A Desperate Fight with Three Bears.

[From the Williamsport Gazette.]

Joseph Ellmaker and his wife have made a small clearing in Jackson township, Potter county, Pennsylvania, on which they have a comfortable log cabin, a small barn, several head of cattle, and a few pigs. About nine o'clock on Thursday evening, Mr. Ellmaker heard a great commotion among the cattle and pigs at the barn. On rushing out to ascertain the cause, imagine his surprise on finding that an old bear and two cubs had thrown a calf down, and were preparing to drag it out of the yard. The cubs were running around, snapping their teeth and uttering suppressed growls of delight at the prospect of a "square meal."

Mr. Ellmaker returned to the house at once, and made preparations to attack the bears. He seized his rifle, and his wife armed herself with a long-handled, double-bitted ax. Thus armed, they advanced to the attack. The bears, made bold and ferocious by hunger, did not seem inclined to give up their prey. Rising upon her haunches, the old bear showed fight, and the cubs crouched behind her, snarling fiercely. Mr. Ellmaker raised his rifle and fired at the black monster, thinking that if she were killed the cubs could be easily dispatched or driven on. But he missed his aim, and only broke the fore-paw of the animal. With a fierce growl of rage, the old bear rushed at her assailants, followed by the cubs. They stood their ground for a few minutes, Mr. Ellmaker clubbing his rifle, while his wife cut one of the cubs severely in the shoulder with the ax.

The rage of the animals became fearful, and the danger of facing them at once became apparent. Retreating rapidly to the house, they barred the door and prepared to defend themselves. Mr. Ellmaker reloaded his rifle, and firing through the window, killed a cub. The old bear now attempted to climb the log-house, but owing to her broken paw, could not do so. Another shot from the rifle wounded her severely in the head, when she set up the most hideous howls of rage. The animals loitered around until midnight, when they retired, and all became still. In the morning the old bear was found dead about six hundred yards from the house, and the cub lay where it fell in the early part of the engagement. The other had disappeared in the forest. The two dead bears were secured and dressed. The old one weighed three hundred and eighty pounds, and the cub one hundred and ninety-three.

BY AND BY.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

A ringing voice, with patient cry,
Sounded within my careless ears;
A quiver born of unshed tears
Echoed the words unceasingly.

Over and through the city's song,
The monotone hummed by the street,
The gathered steps of many feet,
I heard them always borne along.

Weary and worn, and forward bent,
As one who runs for life, yet wills
Strength to support its direst ills,
Though failing breath be almost spent;

Taking no heed of garments gay,
Of women's faces young and fair,
Of equipage adorned with care,
Nor gaudy windows by the way,

I saw a pilgrim, staff in hand,
His bright eyes fixed on vacancy,
With garments tattered hopelessly,
And face by time and weather tanned.

“Yes, I shall find him.” So the cry
Sounded beyond me, coming near—
Sounded beside me, full and clear;
“I'll find my brother by and by.”

“Crazy,” you say? Ah, yes; but think
How his life keeps its central theme;
While we sane idlers only dream,
Our visions fade, or fly, or sink.

He gains from life this, more than we:
Hope never hides her face from him,
Faith never shows her shield grow dim,
And dreams are his reality.

Could we but hold our trust so fast,
Chasing our phantoms on ahead
With his unwearied, hopeful tread,
We yet might envy him at last.

MARK HEBER'S LUCK;

OR,

Life on the Plains.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF “THE BOY MAGICIAN,” “RED KNIFE,” “THE BROKEN HOME,” “EDDY'S SEARCH,” “THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR,” ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A TERRIBLE CAPTIVITY.

It did not require the taunting words of the ruffian Burk to declare to Mark Heber that the most terrible crisis in his life had arrived.

He was five miles from the fort, in a dense grove of cotton-woods, and not even the most powerful field-glass at the settlement could penetrate the dense shadows where death now confronted him.

A dozen painted savages, with naked breasts, floating scalp locks, and hideous, exulting faces, had leaped up from the ground, where they had lain like so many logs, and were now dancing around him with hideous yells and whoops.

And Burk, not less terrible than the Indians, with savage hatred distorting his visage, stood in the youth's very pathway like a wall of rock.

“Surrender!” yelled Burk, in a frightful jubilance of voice and manner. “Surrender, boy, or you're a dead coon!”

Mark looked before him, behind him, on either side of him, with a swift, keen glance. Retreat was impossible. Setting his teeth together with sudden grimness, his eyes flashing with determination and courage, Mark braced himself in his saddle, struck his rearing, frightened horse sharply, and made a dash forward toward the river.

He might as well have tried to scale the stockade of the fort alone, in the teeth of opposing men and guns.

With a yell that rang out far and wide, Burk leaped upon him, seizing the bridle of his horse. Mark drew his pistol and fired. The white ruffian leaped aside with the quickness of a cat, as he saw the movement to shoot him, and the ball took effect in the breast of a painted warrior behind him.

The savage, with a death whoop, bounded up into the air full five feet, and then fell forward upon his face upon the ground—dead.

In less time then than it takes to tell it, Mark was dragged from his saddle, his revolver snatched from him by Burk, and he was bound with thongs by the maddened Indians. His feet were lashed tightly together, his hands were fastened securely behind his back, and he was flung upon the ground like some worthless bundle.

Burk put Mark's weapon in his belt. One of the Indians led the youth's horse to a little glade at the further side of the grove, and secured him to a tree in the midst of a dozen other horses.

The savages looked to their fallen comrade. He was dead, with a ghastly contortion of his painted visage that showed he had died in a spasm of pain. His comrades talked among themselves in the Dacota tongue fiercely, with gleaming eyes and frequent glances of menace at their helpless captive, and then they turned upon Burk, demanding Heber's blood.

“How will you kill him?” asked Burk calmly, speaking to the savages in their own tongue. “It is the law of the Dacotas to demand blood for blood. The white youth has slain a great warrior, who has been the terror of his enemies. Look at the Red Fox, as he lies there stiff and cold, his career of glory cut off! Will you kill his slayer with a shot as you would kill a deer, or a creature that had never harmed you? Or, shall he die by torture?”

“He has slain a great brave and warrior,” said one of the Indians, who seemed superior to the rest, having a command over them. “The Red Fox is dead, and his blood cries to us from the ground for vengeance. The enemies of the Red Fox trembled with fear when they heard his name. The white settler abandoned his home when he heard that the Red Fox was on the war path. There will be mourning in the villages of the Sioux when the sad news is borne to them. The great chief Yako and the Devil Chief, now not a sun to the northward, will mourn for the dead brave. In the name of our great nation, I demand the death of the white slayer by the torture.”

A grunt of assent came from each of the grim warriors grouped around.

“It is well,” said Burk. “He shall die by fire and the torture. But the smoke of our fire would be seen from here to the white man's settlement at the two rivers, if we put him to death now. The Devil Chief hates this youth. The Devil Chief and the forty more picked warriors of the Dacotas, all as great and warlike as the noble Red Fox, will arrive at this camp when the coming night falls. Then we will all together put the white youth to the torture, and the smoke of our fire shall be lost in the darkness.”

“The white brother speaks well,” said the Indian who acted as spokesman for his party. “The Dacotas are patient. They can wait. The death of Red Fox is a loss to the nation of Dacotas, and our great braves shall see his slayer weep, and hear him cry and groan like a woman, when the hour of his torture comes.”

The Indians again grunted assent.

“The Devil Chief and his warriors will come in the darkness, when the present sun has vanished,” said Burk. “We came here in the darkness of last night, and have lain here hidden all day. A few hours longer, and we shall have action. We will be patient. The Red Fox has gone to the happy hunting grounds, and he has left behind him the worthless garment he used to wear,” and he pointed at the stark figure lying amid the bushes. “Let us bury the thrown-off garment out of our sight, and the white man will never suspect that the Red Fox is dead.”

The savages signified approval, and two of them dug a hole in the ground at a little distance with their knives, and laid the dead warrior within it. They filled the grave with the soil, and strewed the mound with dead leaves to hide it.

Then the Indians and Burk resumed their council.

As Burk had said to his savage comrades, their party, sent on in advance by Blue Jack and his band of forty picked warriors as scouts and spies, had arrived at the grove of cotton-woods on the river at some time during the previous night. They had hidden here, in sight of the new settlement, waiting for night and the coming up of the Devil Chief, Yako, and their warriors. They had seen the three hunters leave the fort that day, and had watched their chase with breathless interest. When Mark Heber had pursued the antelope toward the grove of cotton-woods, their excitement had become intense. When the antelope bounded into the shadows of the trees and into their very midst, too alarmed by the pursuit to notice the ambuscade, they had frightened it into the river, flung themselves on the ground or behind trees, and waited for Mark's appearance, with the success we have seen.

After a brief consultation with the savages, Burk approached the prisoner, who lay on his back on the ground, his face pale, yet composed and steadfast.

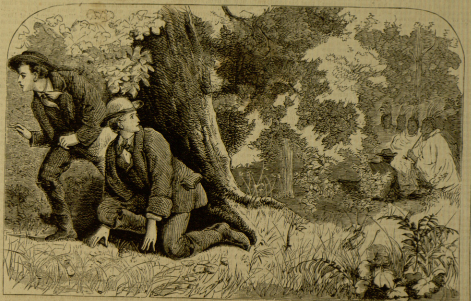
“It begins to look now, Heber,” said Burk, with an ugly smile, “as if you and I would come out square after all. I promised to settle with you for that horsewhipping, you know, and for the little matter that took place when I tried to rob your wagon. I owe you a long score, but I'll be even with you to-night.”

“I'm in no hurry for a settlement,” said Mark coolly, although his heart sunk within him like lead.

“You must have been mad when you shot at me and killed Red Fox,” said Burk. “Didn't you know that such an act would seal your own doom?”

“I hadn't time for a whole chapter of reasoning,” declared Mark calmly. “You stood in my way, your hand on the bridle of my horse. The first movement toward escape was to remove you from my path. I tried to remove you, and killed one of your friends. That's all.”

“Yes, ‘that's all,’” mocked Burk, “but it's quite enough to fix you. The Indians are thirsting for your blood. When night comes, and Blue Jack and the others come up, you'll



MARK HEBER AND WILL WHITMAN MAKING THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS.

be put to the torture, and will perish by fire. I should think, with a good wind such as is now blowing, your pretty sister could even hear your dying shrieks.”

Mark started and grew deathly pale, but not with fear for himself. He scarcely heard Burk's horrible suggestions of his coming doom. The mention of the approach of ‘Blue Jack and the others’ startled him with new and terrible fears.

“How many men have you here?” he asked quickly.

“Just twelve, now that Red Fox is gone.”

“And Blue Jack is coming to join you? How many men has he with him?”

“Forty more chosen warriors, the flower of the Dacotas, under Yako, Blue Jack's Indian father-in-law,” answered Burk, with an air of triumph. “Fifty-two braves in all, besides Blue Jack, Pringle and me.”

The death-like pallor on Mark's face grew yet deeper.

“And these men are all on the war path?” he asked.

Burk assented.

“What are they going to do?” demanded Mark sharply.

“They are going to attack your settlement to-night,” answered Burk. “That's what they're going to do. If the settlers resist, every man and woman will die, and the children will be carried into captivity. And so will your sister be carried off.”

A cold sweat broke out upon Mark's face. A thrill of horror convulsed his frame. He strained at his bonds in a frightful desperation, cutting his wrists with the thongs until they bled.

Burk watched him, still with that ugly smile.

“You begin to feel something of my revenge, eh?” he said. “Not mine alone, though. In a short space of time you have contrived to make yourself as big a lot of enemies as any young man of your age and size in existence. First I'm your enemy, and there are men that will tell you that they'd rather die outright than to drag out a life of fear until I come for 'em, knowing all the while that I'm their enemy. Then Pringle, who carries your mark on his face, has sworn to kill you. And Blue Jack owes you a grudge for that cut in his face with your ox whip. And all these Indians are thirsting for your life. I wouldn't be in your boots for all the money in the universe.”

Mark's own prospects were black and desperate, but the youth had no thought of himself

The situation of Gay and her companions at the fort appalled him.

Seven of the defenders of the fort were gone into Colorado in quest of stock, and would not return under twelve days. These seven men comprised the vigor and strength of the little garrison.

Of the eight persons left in defence of the fort, six, including himself, were mere youths and boys. He felt that he could have done a man's work, could have fought like a tiger in defence of Gay and the helpless women and children in the fort, but he was in a worse condition than they.

He believed that the seven men and boys, whom he now believed to be at the fort, could defend the settlement against a dozen besiegers, but he did not believe that they could hold out against the large body of savages who were to attack the fort that night.

In his soul he believed that the settlement was doomed.

With a groan of utter despair, he rolled over and turned his anguished face to the ground. He could not bear that his enemy should gloat over his mental agony.

Burk was about to utter fresh taunts, when a low, bird-like trill, from the lips of one of the savages who was posted on the edge of the grove as sentinel, whistled through the wood.

In the next instant an antelope, all panting and breathless, with wild eyes, crashed through the dusky shadows, and bounded away toward the river.

Like lightning, several of the Indians seized their rifles and leaped behind trees, looking expectantly to the westward. Some of the savages flung themselves flat upon the ground, their rifles beside them, and with slightly crested heads, looked and waited.

Burk rolled over into a little hollow, his hand on his rifle.

Mark comprehended that an arrival was expected, and raised his head.

A hurried tramp as of a horse's feet was heard at the entrance of the wood, but before the breathless savages could stir from their ambush, Mark yelled, at the top of his ringing voice:

“Indians! Indians! Back to the fort, whoever you are, and spread the alarm. Back!”

A cry of surprise rang through the grove, coming from the lips of the hunter, who essayed to retreat.

Too late!

The savages, leaping out upon him, seized his horse, and dragged him from the saddle. There was no resistance—no further outcry. The surprise had been too sudden, the attack too overpowering.

The hunter's horse was led by one of the Indians to the glade where the other steeds were tethered, and the hunter was dragged into the small open space in the edge of which Mark Heber lay helpless.

The light that streamed into the small space fell full upon the face of the new captive.

Mark Heber recognized him with a smothered groan. The new prisoner was Will Whitman!

“Two less to guard the fort,” said Burk, arising. “So much the better!”

Young Whitman's eyes fell upon Burk, and the boy trembled with a greater fear than had yet possessed him.

The Indians bound their new captive with thongs and flung him into the shadows of the bushes, not three feet distant from Mark Heber.

Burk and the savages engaged in a discussion in the Dacota tongue.

Mark rolled over on his side and called softly to his young comrade, who had not yet seen him.

“Will?” he whispered. “Hush! Don't speak loud. Will!”

Young Whitman raised his head a few inches by a painful effort, and his voice quivered as he answered:

“Is it you, Mark? Oh, Mark, will they kill us?”

“They mean to roast me alive to-night,” said Mark bitterly. “The white demons are as bad as the red ones, if not worse.”

“Oh, Mark! They cannot roast you alive! You do not mean it? They will serve me the same, of course. Will no one rescue us? Oh, Mark, what shall we do?”

“We will, first of all, summon up all our bravery and coolness,” said Mark calmly. “Where is Hopkins?”

“Gone back to the fort.”

“How came you here?”

“I saw you come this way, Mark, and when I started an antelope in this direction I expected to find you and go home with you.”

“There are six men to garrison the fort then, including the boys,” said Mark. “They will suspect the truth from our absence and guard the settlement with double vigilance, and will even prepare against an attack long before night comes.”

“I don't think so,” said young Whitman despairingly. “The horse you borrowed of father is a skittish beast, and father will be likely to think that the creature has thrown and injured you, and that I am staying with you to take care of you. They will be likely to send out more than half their force in search of us.”

This theory savored only too much of probability.

“Listen, Will,” said Mark, in a whisper. “There are a dozen savages here. They must have come up so near to the fort in the darkness of last night, and have lain here all day. There's another band coming up to-night to join this one. The other band is under Blue Jack and Yako, the terrible Sioux chief, and they mean to destroy our settlement, kill the men and women and carry off the children. Hush, Will. We need all our coolness now. The settlers must be warned. No one must leave the fort to search for us.”

“But how can we prevent it?” moaned poor Will, in anguish. “Oh, my poor father and mother! I could bear to die with them, Mark, but I cannot die like this.”

“The fort can never hold out long against such a force,” said Mark, “and yet we cannot abandon our homes. We might hold out a few hours until help could arrive from Fort McPherson. Something must be done to warn our friends. How do we know that all our garrison will not be caught one by one, as we have been, if we do not warn them? No one has a thought of Indians now, you know. Will, one of us must escape, and get to the fort.”

Young Whitman looked at Mark wildly.

“How can we escape?” he said. “It is impossible!”

“We cannot both escape, I fear,” said Mark sorrowfully. “My thongs are so tight they cut into my flesh. How are yours?”

Whitman pulled his arms lustily, and uttered an ejaculation of pain.

“It's no use,” he answered. “I am tied too tightly ever to release myself.”

Mark with difficulty raised his head a few inches. Burk and the Indians, confiding in the strength of his bonds, were still deep in consultation.

“If we can both escape we will,” said Mark, letting his head fall again. “But I think there won't be time. We can't get the horses, that's clear. Can you swim?”

Young Whitman replied in the affirmative.

“I am going to give you the chance of escape,” said Mark calmly. “There is some peril in it, but you can run the risk. If I can free you, and there is not time for you to cut me loose, because of an alarm, you must cut through to the river. It's not twenty rods to the east of us. Leap into the river, and swim down the stream. It's six miles to the fort if you follow the windings of the river. You can run on the banks for a portion of the distance. You will be pursued, and will need all your coolness and caution.”

“How can you free me, Mark?” whispered his friend. “You cannot. And even if you could, I cannot abandon you to certain death by torture. Oh, Mark, you are too generous—”

“Hush, Will. Your escape is not certain. If you get clear, take care of Gay,” and here Mark's brave voice faltered. “My poor desolate little girl! Be good to her, Will, and see that she has all that was mine. Not a word, Will. Roll over this way slowly, and as noiselessly as possible, and turn your back to me.”

Young Whitman obeyed wonderingly.

When his back lay close to Mark Heber's face, both were silent a few minutes, while one of the Indians stirred Mark with his foot, and emitted a savage grunt. When the Indians were busy again with their discussion, not three rods distant, and now and then directing their glances toward the leafy shadows where the prisoners lay, Mark Heber fixed his gaze upon the thongs that bound the hands of his friend.

They were simply narrow strips of buffalo hide, with the hair worn or rubbed off.

Mark twisted himself with some exertion into a favorable position, and then, with a whispered injunction to his young comrade to remain perfectly silent, he raised his head slightly and set to work with his strong, sharp teeth, to gnaw the thong apart, as a rat or squirrel might have done.

The task was difficult, and frequently interrupted by the approach of Burk or one of the Indians. While it progressed, the captives were constantly in view of the savages, with only a few leaves and the shadows and a small undergrowth of wood to screen their movements. At the most casual glance, the Indians could assure themselves that their prisoners were where they had been deposited, and they took care now and then to take a closer look at them.

Under these circumstances, Mark's task progressed but slowly. The leathern thong became soft from the moisture of his lips and tongue, and his teeth sank into it as into a spongy mass, making but little impression. Yet he kept on, with frequent breaks, as we have said, and his gnawing was not without effect.

But how the time wore on!

The sky above them grew less bright, and they knew by the chill in the air that the afternoon was wasting away.

“We had better give it up,” said young Whitman at last, in despair. “It will be pitch dark by eleven o'clock to-night, and the savages will then make their attack. It's going to be just such a night as that in which they made the other attack, I fear. How tired you must be, Mark. You have worked like a beaver these two hours! Give it up. I can die with you—”

“Pull your hands apart,” whispered Mark.

Young Whitman obeyed. The thong snapped suddenly, and his arms flew asunder.

“Lie down on your back,” said Mark. “I fear we are suspected. If so, we are lost.”

Young Whitman again obeyed on the instant, and just in time. He had scarcely composed his excited countenance when Burk quitted the circle of Indians and approached them.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SUDDEN SLIP.

Mark Heber turned his face into shadow. He was breathing hard, and the muscles of his neck, so long and severely strained by his uncomfortable posture and recent exertions, ached intolerably. There was a dull, painful throbbing at the base of his head and across his forehead, and a heavy pain in his chest. He feared that Burk would detect his fatigue, and guess at his recent exertions, if he had not already suspected them.

As for young Whitman, he believed that Burk had detected Mark's proceedings, and the pallor of despair overspread his boyish face.

Burk came up to them, and paused beside Mark, spurning the latter with his foot.

“I thought you seemed sort of uneasy here, young man,” he observed. “I am sure you squirmed about a minute ago when my eye lit on you. Turn over, and let us see your hands.”

He enforced the command with a kick.

Whitman's heart sank like lead in his breast, but Mark quietly turned over, and Burk examined the thongs that confined his hands together.

“I'll risk those knots,” said the ruffian, with a rude laugh. “Let's see your ankles.”

He stooped and felt of the thongs confining Mark's feet, finding them secure. He then leaned over Mark, and tested young Whitman's bonds at his ankles.

The poor young fellow's heart nearly stood still in awful expectancy. But Mark, with a ready wit and keen tongue, came to his rescue, diverting Burk's attention at the moment so pregnant with fate.

“You must have a big brain,” sneered Heber, “to suspect us of being able to undo our bonds, when you and your fellow-savages have not let us alone ten minutes since we were laid here. I'd like to be free just one moment, to pummel your face. You dastardly coward! If you and I were in a fair fight, I'd engage to make you hunt your hole in ten minutes.”

Burk was so astonished at this sudden outburst from his helpless captive that he paused in the very act of stooping to examine the thongs confining Whitman's wrists, and a dull red glow of anger suffused his visage.

“Perhaps you don't realize who you are talking to,” the ruffian exclaimed. “I'd like a set-to with you, only you've got prior engagements,” and he laughed with brutal significance. “You can crow pretty well, my young rooster, but I'd like to see how you'll meet your tortures to-night.”

“I'd rather be in my place than yours,” retorted Mark. “Your fate, when it comes, will be worse than mine.”

Burk replied by kicking young Heber in his side, his rage finding vent in violent acts rather than in words.

“I can't see what you are going to the fort for,” observed Mark, shrinking back a little. “You hated me, and you've got me a captive. What more do you want? Why should you kill people who have never harmed you? Why should you destroy the new settlement, and carry the children into captivity?”

“I'm not doing it—it's the Cap'n,” said Burk. “He's set his heart on having the girl, your sister, and what he sets his heart on he always has.”

Mark's features contracted in sudden anguish.

“And he will kill the men and women, destroy the settlement, and carry off the children into horrible captivity, because he has determined to take my poor little innocent sister captive!” he groaned. “What does he want of her?”

“He don't want her for a wife,” said Burk, with a grin, “and that's all I know. The girl's as sweet and pretty as a pink, and as saucy as a blackbird, but the Cap'n's got an Indian wife, and she's jealous enough to kill the girl at sight if she suspected him of hankering after your sister. No, sir, the Cap'n's got his own secret and the girl is something to him, and he'll take her away into the Sioux country with him when he goes. That's all I can tell you, and I wouldn't tell you this much, if it wasn't that I know you'll suffer twice as much for knowing it.”

“My poor Gay! My poor little Gay!” Mark wailed in his soul. “What will become of her?”

The longing to get to her, to protect her from her enemy, became a stern resolve in that instant. He determined to make an attempt to escape with his comrade, let what would come of it.

Burk taunted the youth with his helplessness and his coming doom, and then, receiving no reply, strolled back to the Indian council.

“Will,” said Mark, in a low voice, a mere whisper, “we must get away together. You heard what Burk said?”

“Yes, Mark.”

“Our friends are in awful peril. Great Heaven, who will save them? Will, we must be heroes. Listen to me. We will go together, and not by the river. You see through the trees yonder the horses tethered in a little glade?”

Young Whitman looked and assented.

“We must make a break for the horses. We shall be seen the moment we rise up, and the savages will fire on us. They've got my rifle and revolver. Have they yours?”

“Not my revolver nor hunting knife.”

“You are fortunate. I also have my hunting knife. This is our programme. Draw out your hunting knife, your hands being free, and cut yourself loose. Then cut my bonds. We will open our knives, make a spring for the glade, cut the straps of two of the horses, and make a bold break for liberty and home.”

“Yes, Mark.”

“And, Will, pick out the horses that are the best caparisoned, if any are saddled,” said Mark shrewdly. “The best horses are apt to be tricked out the best. Avoid our own tired horses. We shall have but an instant to choose, and hardly that. And, Will,” he added gravely, “we don't know how our effort may turn out. We may be recaptured or shot down in our tracks. Five minutes hence we may be, one or both of us, in eternity. If you escape and I do not, take care of my poor little Gay. If I escape and you do not, I will do all I can to fill your place to your parents. Now, gently, Will. Cut yourself loose.”

It was not an easy task to do this, with savage eyes reverting to them every few minutes, and savage ears on the alert for every sound. Mark watched, and warned his young comrade of every hint of danger, and Will, moving cautiously and slowly, drew out his arms from under him. They were almost benumbed. He pulled out his hunting knife from his belt, and opened it with his teeth.

“All right, so far,” whispered Mark. “Be silent as possible.”

Young Whitman cut the thongs that dangled from his wrists, and then slowly drawing up his feet, he cut loose the thongs at his ankles also. He was free in every limb.

And now a trembling seized upon him that but for Mark's steady coolness might have become a panic.

“Don't get nervous now, Will,” said Mark. “Keep up till we are in the saddle. Now cut my bonds softly. Hush! That big savage is looking this way.”

They waited, their hearts beating wildly, but the Indian's gaze was soon diverted, and they felt again a degree of freedom.

“Now!” said Mark.

Heber's back was to his friend, his face to his foes. Young Whitman reached out the long keen blade of his hunting knife, and cut Mark's bonds with a few swift strokes.

They lay quiet still a few minutes, to allow the blood to again circulate freely in their cramped and benumbed limbs. Then Mark drew out his own hunting knife and pulled open the blade.

“I believe those Indians are telling stories, if Indians ever do such things,” whispered Heber, under his breath. “The big savage is talking, and the others are listening breathlessly. Rise very softly, Will. We may gain the glade unseen. God be with us!”

The two arose as silently as they could, with eyes fixed fearingly upon the savages. Some of the Indians were smoking and all were listening to the big savage, as Mark had called their leader, who appeared to be narrating a tale of some great warrior's exploits—probably those of Red Fox whom our young hero had slain.

Burk was also listening, stretched upon the ground, and smoking.

Heber and young Whitman moved as silently as they could away from their late resting-place, taking care to keep in line of some giant cotton-woods which screened their retreating figures.

They did not speak, but their young souls were strung to desperation. They had resolved to escape or die.

With all their care they could not avoid the breaking of dry twigs under their feet, or the rustling of leaves on the bushes, as they flitted on to the glade where their horses were tethered. Their hunting knives were open in their hands, and at every step they expected to hear the yells of the Indians as their escape should be discovered. The slight noises they made seemed to their frightened senses like loud alarms.

They gained the glade in safety. At the outer edge of the glade, nearest the open plain, two horses were tethered, which Mark Heber singled out at once as the best for their purpose. They were saddled and bridled, as they had been since midday, and the superiority of their equipments was noticeable.

They were, in fact, the horses of Burk and the big savage who was in command of the others.

Mark noticed that a pile of fire-arms, both large and small, was piled upon the ground in a heap at the edge of the glade, ready to be seized before mounting.

“They must have guards posted in the edges of the grove,” he whispered, his heart beating tumultuously. “I can see our way out to the prairie though, and it is clear. One moment, Will.”

He picked up a pair of revolvers from the ground, and thrust them in his pockets. Then he seized a fine double-barrelled rifle, which example young Whitman followed.

They crept toward the two outermost horses, knives in hand.

They were within five feet of the steeds, which pricked up their ears at their approach, when the loud alarm rang through the Indian camp. Warwhoops and fiend-like yells filled the shuddering air.

With a single bound, Mark gained the side of the horse he had selected, and another bound placed him in the saddle.

A stroke of the hunting knife severed the strap, and his horse was free. Striking his spurs into his sides, and uttering a yell that was more frightful than those of the savages themselves, Mark rode through the trees, and out upon the prairies like the wind.

Young Whitman was half paralyzed by the terrifying yells for a single moment; then he also leaped upon the nearest horse, cut his tether, and rode after Mark Heber, with answering yells.

The Indians fired swiftly upon the fugitives, but their bullets flew wide of the mark, owing to the excited haste of the savages, and to the start already gained by the fugitives.

With a great curse, Burk flew to the glade and mounted, flying in swift pursuit. The big savage did the same. The others followed There was no longer need of concealing their presence in the neighborhood from the settlers, who must learn of it from Heber and young Whitman, if the two made good their escape.

The question was now to regain possession of Mark Heber. Terrific was the beginning of the chase—terrific its continuance.

"Shoot him! Kill him!" cried Burk excitedly, spurring his steed to greater exertion. "He's got my horse, curse him, the fleetest fellow except the Cap'n's in this region. Save the horse. Kill the boy!"

Shots rung out hurtling after the fugitives, but Mark half lowered himself behind his horse, Comanche fashion, and young Whitman did the same.

In the fading sunlight of the glorious July day the two young fellows could see the stockade of their fort distinctly, the atmosphere of the prairies being strangely clear and pure.

"They must be looking for us, Will," cried Mark. "Some one must be looking for us out of the loop-holes. They will see our pursuers. They will be warned. We shall not die, if we must die now, in vain."

He rose in his saddle and waved his arm with frantic gestures. His head was bare, and his appearance was wild and dishevelled.

"Motion to them at the fort, Will," he shouted. "Now drop your head."

They spurred onward over the level prairie, the pursuers, frightful of aspect, riding after them, and making the air ring with their frightful whoops.

The shots whistled above them and past them, but they were still unhurt.

Upon a slight ridge in the soil, a mile from the grove, and out upon the open plain, Mark Heber's horse suddenly stumbled. The rider reined up almost instantly, but the moment's loss of time thus incurred gave an advantage to one of the Indians who had been gaining upon the fugitives, and who was rods in advance of his companions.

Mark wheeled in his saddle, levelled his rifle, and shot the Indian's horse in the shoulder.

Then he spurred on and away.

Still no sign that they were seen came from the fort, but the fugitives had scarcely time to notice this fact, or to be alarmed at it.

"They see us! They must see us!" cried Mark, his head low on his horse's neck. "This is a ride for life, Will—for our own lives, and the lives of those near and dear to us. The Indians seem to gain. For God's sake, ride faster! They will shoot us down, or capture us!"

And, pursued by the yelling Indians, the two young fugitives pressed on toward the fort like madmen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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RINA'S LOVER.

BY MATHILDE ESTVAN.

It was in June; the day had been excessively warm, and Rina Eastlake was sitting on the piazza of her father's house, in Richmond, to enjoy the delightful breeze which the evening had brought from over the mountains. She was a lovely girl, this youngest daughter of the well-known and highly respected tobacco merchant, Eastlake, and as the air played with her beautiful blonde hair, which, rebelling against comb and ribbon, fell in long curls over her shoulders, one could hardly imagine a fairer picture of a sweet, innocent mind.

The pet of her family, Rina was also the acknowledged favorite of the whole neighborhood. The children loved her; the young men adored her for her shy and timid looks, and the girls would have been ashamed to be envious of one who, neither vain nor coquettish, was always willing to stand back for her companions.

She seemed to be deeply interested in a book she was reading, on the above-mentioned evening, and paid no attention to the passers-by, although it was near the outskirts of the town, and the street was lively with people riding and promenading at that time of the day. Hearing, however, some one opening the gate of the garden before the house, she looked up, and the book dropped from her hands as she saw Mr. Robinson, a friend of her father's, accompanied by a tall Indian, accoutred, after the fashion of his people, in feathers, buffalo skin and moccasins.

Mr. Robinson walked up the steps leading toward the house, but the Indian remained standing at the foot of them, having bent his large dark eyes upon the astonished, almost frightened girl.

"I have come with a singular request to you, Miss Rina," said Mr. Robinson, taking a seat on the piazza. "My young friend there has been standing outside the gate for some minutes, looking at you, or rather, admiring you. No bad taste for an Indian, eh, child? In fact he has become so enchanted with your hair, that he told me he would not leave the place until you had given him one of your curls, which, he believes, having caught and retained a sun ray, must possess some great magic power."

Supposing, of course, that Mr. Robinson was jesting, Rina laughed, and was going to call her mother, but Mr. Robinson detaining her, told her that he was quite in earnest, and that if she would deign to cast one glance at his friend, she would read a stoical determination in his countenance to wait for a lock of her hair.

Rina, now really frightened, held her curls with both hands, as if she were afraid that the eyes of the Indian were drawing them toward him. Calling for her mother, she ran into the house.

"What story is this which Rina has been telling me?" said Mrs. Eastlake, a fine looking matron, laughingly, to Mr. Robinson, as she shook hands with him.

"A romantic but true tale, and the hero certainly of uncommon appearance," replied Mr. Robinson, directing the lady's attention to the silent son of the forest, whom she had evidently not before noticed.

"What a handsome youth!" said Mrs. Eastlake, looking at his fine, athletic figure. "Why do you not tell him to come up here? I am afraid that he will ere long draw a crowd of people around the house."

"There is no use in calling him," said Mr. Robinson. "He said that he would remain where he is until Rina had given him a lock of her hair. I know that he will be found in the same place to-morrow if your daughter refuses his request. He came with some chiefs to Washington, and I dare say we shall be able to keep and civilize him, as his father died on the route. He is a splendid fellow, but as firm and unbending as a rock."

"No choice seems left to Rina but to grant his wish," said Mrs. Eastlake, smiling.

She called her daughter, who very reluctantly appeared, and strongly protested when she saw a pair of scissors in her mother's hand. Persuaded at length, she bent her sunny head, and the fond mother, pressing a kiss upon it, selected a curl, and having cut it, gave it to Mr. Robinson.

Not a feature in the Indian's face moved when he received the extorted gift. Having carefully deposited it in something which looked to Mrs. Eastlake like a small embroidered pouch, he bowed with all the stateliness of an old courtier to the ladies, and left with Mr. Robinson, who was glad when he had him outside the gate.

Rina's adventure was of course much commented upon in her family during the succeeding days, and she had something to suffer from the bantering of her friends. She was so much intimidated by this occurrence that she was afraid to show her face at the window or leave the house.

When, however, several days had elapsed without the reappearance of the Indian, she again ventured, after an oppressively warm day, to take at evening her accustomed seat on the piazza. She was seldom disturbed now by passers-by, as the weather had become so sultry that those who had not left the city felt little inclined to take walks. Only one tall gentleman, in a light gray suit, his face shaded by a broad-brimmed Panama hat, walked every evening several times up and down the quiet, broad and shady street in which Mr. Eastlake resided.

Rina noticed him frequently, but as he never threw a glance upon her, his passing and repassing did not annoy her. When, however, after the expiration of more than two months, the same young man continued his evening walks, without her ever having been able to see more of his face than his fine, proud profile, her curiosity was roused. He began to occupy her thoughts; and watching for his coming, she wondered who he was, and where he went when he passed by. His earnest, somewhat melancholy face told her many a tragic story; and indulging in this dangerous pastime, she was soon, with the romantic folly of youth, deeply interested in him without even knowing his name.

One evening a severe thunder-storm, accompanied by a heavy shower of rain, darkened the sky, and Rina, standing at the window, was sure that the gentleman in gray—as she called him—would not come. But looking down the street, she saw him approaching as leisurely and unconcerned as if his linen coat had been one of india-rubber, through which the rain could not penetrate.

It was evident that he enjoyed the weather. He was almost opposite the window at which Rina stood, when a sudden hissing lightning, immediately followed by a tremendous thunder-clap, which seemed to shake the foundation of Mr. Eastlake's house, so terrified the young girl, that, screaming, she sank down.

Notwithstanding the rumbling noise of the tempest, the gentleman, having seen Rina, heard her cry, and without taking time to open the gate, he leaped over it, and was beside the unconscious girl before any one in the house had come to her assistance.

Raising her gently from the floor, he carried her to the sofa, and taking her small white hands in his own large brown ones, he rubbed them softly, while his dark eyes rested with an indescribable expression of mingled tenderness, wonder and pity upon her pale face.

Mrs. Eastlake, who, like Rina, had thought that the house had been struck by the lightning, went down stairs looking for her daughter, as soon as she had somewhat controlled her stupefied senses.

On entering the parlor, she was for a moment speechless with surprise when she saw a strange young man occupied in restoring her child to consciousness. Without explaining what had brought him into the house, the stranger remained until Rina opened her eyes.

He raised her head while Mrs. Eastlake held some water to her lips, but when she tried to make her inhale some salts, he took the vial quietly from the astonished lady, and tearing her handsome pockethandkerchief in half, he moistened it with water and laid it over the face and head of the girl.

He did not open his lips during all these performances, and acted like one in authority, perfectly confounding Mrs. Eastlake.

When Rina opened her eyes, he gave her one more long, warm glance, then bowing gravely to her mother, he went away.

The shock poor Rina had received had been too much for her, and she was for several days confined to her room. As soon as she had sufficiently recovered to travel, her father took her to New York, thinking that a change of air would benefit her.

She did not again see the gentleman in gray before she left Richmond, and she surmised that, being a stranger, he had probably left the city while she had been sick. Conscious of the folly of letting a stranger of whom she absolutely knew nothing thus sway her thoughts, she tried earnestly to forget him, and began to feel ashamed of herself. But his last look haunted her memory much against her will, and however admiringly other eyes might gaze upon her, they could not efface the impression her heart had received from that warm and speaking glance.

Autumn was tinging the leaves, giving them, like consumption to the cheeks of a maiden, a bright color, before death touched them with his withering hands, when Rina returned home.

She had been suffering with her eyes for some time, but not to give anxiety to her parents, she had refrained from mentioning it in her letters. Their grief was therefore unspeakable when, shortly after her return, she groped about like one blindfolded. Bright stars of glaring colors seemed constantly to dance before her, until they became black spots, and soon involved in their darkness whatever object she gazed upon.

The physician who treated Rina judged at first, from the symptoms, that she had the 'gray star;' but finding afterward that the disease seemed to take another form, determined to have a consultation with another physician, provided no change took place before the next day.

Rina, lying on a lounge in a room up stairs, was trying to keep her mind tranquil, and fix her thoughts on pleasing objects, as the doctor had advised her. But who does not know how difficult a task it is to imagine, on a bleak winter day, when not a ray of sunlight suggests bright thoughts, that the barren ground is covered with flowers.

A weary sigh escaped her when the doctor had gone. She anticipated a very lonely day, as her mother had been obliged to leave her, having been called to see her sister, who resided a few miles from Richmond, and had met with a dangerous accident.

Fearing the least excitement for Rina, the doctor had given strict orders that only Aunt Grace, an old colored woman, for many years a servant in Mr. Eastlake's family, should be with the young lady in her mother's absence. No visitors were to be admitted. Aunt Grace, after having entertained Rina—whom she was exhorted to keep tranquil—with a most frightful tale of a murder committed on a score of people, eventually fell asleep. She murmured only now and then, "Don't, honey, don't," when, knocking her head against the chair, she half awakened. While she was thus nodding in her seat, poor Rina was thinking, thinking. Events lately passed glided before her, and she sometimes smiled, sometimes sighed; nor was she aware, in the darkness shrouding her, that a tall, graceful figure had entered the room, and having softly approached her lounge, was bending upon her a pair of brilliant eyes, until a hand lightly touched her own.

"Is that you, papa?" asked she.

"No, Miss, it is a friend who has heard of your misfortune, and who has come to see if he cannot restore the light to your eyes," replied the gentleman, in broken English.

"Who are you? Did Doctor Field send you, or does my father know that you are here?" said the girl, unable to guess who the stranger was.

"No one knows that I am here," was the answer. "I heard last night when the stars had just illuminated the horizon that you were deprived of seeing their light, and I travelled all night long, to be here before the sun could remind me that you could not enjoy his glorious rays."

Before the bewildered girl, who was inclined to think she was dreaming, could make a remark, the young man had awakened Aunt Grace, telling her to bring him a basin with warm water and some linen. Supposing that he was a physician sent by Dr. Field, the woman hastened to do his bidding.

The stranger meanwhile took the bandage from Rina's eyes, who, like one fascinated under the light touch of his hands, made no movement to stay him.

Having examined her eyes carefully, he gently laid her head down again, but she felt that his hand, until now so firm, trembled.

"Be composed," said he, with unmistakable emotion. "When the stars merrily twinkle to-night, I shall tell them that their number will soon be augmented by two other bright ones."

Mixing something in the water Aunt Grace had brought, he moistened a linen bandage with it, and laid it over Rina's eyes, wetting it again as fast as it cooled.

The young girl silently obeyed him, feeling as if under some gentle, soothing spell.

After the gentleman had been there for more than an hour, Aunt Grace thought that she could take charge of Rina, but he, having found her fast asleep by the side of the sick girl, hardly deigned to answer her. He quietly continued his work, speaking only, at long intervals, a kind or cheering word to his submissive patient.

Mrs. Eastlake, anxious about her child, returned sooner than she was expected, and, to her great amazement, found Rena being most carefully and tenderly attended to by the same gentleman who the previous summer had during the storm been with her.

Frightened at the consequences of her daughter's disregarding Dr. Field's directions, she protested against using anything not sanctioned by him.

Handing her a note from Mr. Robinson, saying that his friend Dr. Daylight had uncommon skill and experience for one so young in treating eye diseases, her fear was somewhat allayed. Rina's firmly spoken words, "I have confidence in him, mother, I trust him," helped much to quiet her, while these same words diffused a bright flush over the well-controlled features of the young man. Like some one dazzled, he shaded his eyes a moment with his long dark lashes.

Mr. Robinson came himself that evening, and having had a long conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Eastlake, the contents of which they withheld for the time from Rina—not to excite her—they concluded to leave her in the care of the young man.

For more than a fortnight Rina had been treated by Dr. Daylight, who spent most of the day by her side, jealously watching that all was done as he had ordered. Never did a man make himself obeyed and trusted with fewer words. The secret of this was his iron will, his perseverance, and above all, his self-control, and the faith he had in himself. He acted *himself*, therefore his words were stamped with truth.

It is a rare thing to see one who dares to act himself. Very few have the requisite moral courage. We all, more or less, act parts, changing them with circumstances, and adding as much as we choose of ourselves. Therefore it is that one so seldom sees a *whole man*. Many are patched pieces of humanity.

Mrs. Eastlake being constantly with her daughter, could not fail to see how perfectly Rina and her young physician understood each other, and how content they were in each other's society.

Rina's sight constantly improved, and gradually day was admitted into her room, although her eyes were still shaded. One morning the young man told her that she could bear the light now, but must permit him to tell her a short story before he removed the bandage from her eyes. She of course consented, although the tone of his voice made her feel singularly nervous and uneasy. Observing this, he suppressed a sigh, looking for a moment silently at her; then he said:

"About twenty years ago, a family left its home in North Carolina, and went far west. The members of this family were a gentleman, his wife and two small children, a girl and a boy, the latter hardly a year old. The gentleman—a merchant—had, in an unfortunate speculation, lost the greater part of his money, and expected to be able to begin anew in the West with the little remaining to him. In the wilds of Ohio he bought a piece of land, and began to cultivate it with untiring energy. An acquaintance of his, visited like himself by misfortune, soon settled near him, with his wife and children. The two families became as one, sharing fatigue, toil and rest, and cheering and encouraging each other.

"All went well for three or four years, and their industry was rewarded by the rich yield of the soil. They were contemplating an improvement in their huts before winter set in, when one night, after they had retired to rest, they were attacked by Indians, of whom until then they had not seen a trace. Their resistance was in vain. Those who were not slain were led captives away. Only one, the eldest son of the second settler, a boy of about fifteen, escaped. The unhappy captives died, one after another, from exposure and mental suffering, before they had reached the camp of the red-men. The young son of the first settler, now five years old, was the only living trophy with which the Indians returned. Having won by his childish fearlessness the heart of one of the Sachems, the child was kept by him, and treated and educated as his son. He soon forgot that he had had other parents, and the sweet white face of his mother haunted his dreams less and less. As time went on he became an expert hunter, and was noted for his personal strength, activity and bravery. But what gave him a decided advantage over the red-man was his faculty to learn the medical qualities of herbs and grasses, and the skillful use he made of them for the benefit of the sick and wounded. They called him 'Daylight,' because he had given back the sight to a great warrior who had been blind for a long time."

How intensely Rina listened! Her heart was almost audibly beating. Until now she had been afraid to ask herself whom she believed the young man was, who exercised such strange influence over her. Suddenly, now that she was sure she should learn that it was all a dream, she knew for whom in the depth of her heart she had mistaken him. So, fighting against hope, we are not aware how longingly we have hoped until its light is extinguished.

"One day when Daylight's adopted father departed for Washington with several chiefs of other tribes, he took his son with him. The kind old Sachem fell ill on the route, and his last hour having arrived, the skill of Daylight was unable to prolong his days. Burying his father at a place from whence they could take him home on their return, Daylight proceeded with the others to Washington. He made there the acquaintance of a gentleman whose child suffered severely from a disease of the eyes.

"Daylight cured it, and became like a member of Mr. Rooney's family. He was so much beloved and so well treated by them, that when the Sachems returned to their camp he resolved to remain for some time longer, and to learn something of the white man's art of healing the sick. Travelling about, he reached Richmond, where, while taking a walk one evening with Mr. Robinson, the brother-in-law of his friend in Washington, he saw a maiden whose golden hair and snow-white face dazzled his eyes. Ignorant as he was, he believed that her hair contained some magic spell which was drawing him toward her. Thinking that if he possessed a lock of it the spell would be broken, he asked and received one. But instead of making him forget the giver, it kept her in his memory, causing him to see her in the rosy clouds of the morning, in the bright stars of the night.

"He saw her often, often, but she observed him not. He held her one day for a moment in his arms." How Rina trembles! "But he did not even dare to touch with his lips her golden hair; she was sacred to him. Not having seen her for several days, he heard that she had gone north. He would have followed her, but received the same day a letter from his friend in Washington, whose youngest child was endangered by the same disease of which Daylight had cured the eldest. He went to Washington, and when he entered his friend's house, the latter remained speechless with surprise. Dressed in the costume of a civilized man, and not painted and tattooed, Daylight appeared like another being. Although his skin was bronzed from hardship and exposure, yet it had not the color of a red man.

"It would make my story too long to tell you how Daylight's friend, who was no other than the boy who escaped when the Indians attacked his father's dwelling, found that Daylight was Mr. Preston's son whom the Indians had captured.

"As Mr. Preston, or his survivors, had fallen heir to a considerable estate, Mr. Rooney needed all the evidence he could collect, to prove that Daylight was Mr. Preston's son. Daylight could not remain in Washington to learn the result of the expedition sent to the chiefs of the Delawares. He had heard that her eyes, whom he could not forget, were closed in darkness, and he must open them ere he could enjoy the sunlight. His hopes were crowned with success; and while he rejoiced in it, he received from Washington a letter, saying that the government had accepted his claims to the name of Paul Preston, and that the estate was his. The fear which now makes his heart tremble is, that she whom he loves as the night does the moon, will turn from him, leaving him to pine away until death comes to his relief."

Knowing more of Rina's heart than Daylight did—or Paul Preston, as we must call him now—we need hardly say that, as he tremblingly took the bandage from her eyes, they, though shyly and timidly raised to his own, told him that he needed not despair.

Contrary to the old adage, that the course of true love seldom runs smoothly, Rina's affections found no opposition from either parents or circumstances.

She became the happy wife of Paul Preston as soon as he had ended his studies at Philadelphia, where he attended medical lectures.

Eventually one of the most famous physicians of the South, his treatises on "Diseases of the Eye" are to-day most valuable documents in the study of medicine.

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"PENNED IN."

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

It was Monday morning—a clear, sunshiny morning—fair enough in February to be well appreciated by all good housekeepers. And so it was with little Mrs. Swifton, who, busy and earnest in her endeavors to facilitate Bridget's motions and get out the clothes to catch the sunshine, was just starching baby's embroideries, when the hall bell sounded. Darting quickly into the sitting-room, which was occupied by a friend visiting her, Mary Swifton exclaimed:

"Jennie, do look out through the blinds and see who is at the door."

"There is a private carriage, and the footman is waiting at your door," Jennie replied.

"O dear, dear, it is Mrs. Courtney! Of all persons in the world, the last I should be glad to see just now. Run, Bridget, and say I am not at home—gone out," said Mrs. Swifton.

"Oh, Mollie! don't, dear!"

"I must, Jennie; I cannot see her. Go on, Bridget. There's the bell again; run. Say I'm not in; and I'll make it the truth, by running out in the yard and putting up baby's dresses."

Suiting the action to her words, Mary Swifton ran out, returning a few moments after, when she had heard the carriage roll away.

"Well, Bridget?" she asked anxiously.

"Well, Ma'am, I didn't have to say you tould me to say you were out; for the black fellow poked this into me hands, bobbed his head, and was off, sure, without the saying of a word by either of us," Bridget replied.

"Ah, I am glad we were saved from telling that little fib," Mary Swifton said, receiving from the girl's hand the envelope.

"But, Mollie, how about the intention?" asked Jennie.

"Oh, stop, you straight-laced little tease! It was utterly impossible for me to receive Mrs. Courtney, the most fashionable of all my acquaintances, in this dress. And I could not have kept her waiting so long as it would have taken me to don a suitable garb. If I had sent word I was engaged, that would have mortally offended her. So what could I do else? But I am truly glad I did not have to tell—what you want to call it this moment, I see—a white lie. Here are cards of invitation to a reception she gives her sister, who was married a few days ago. What do you want to say? I see from your eyes you are not done with this subject."

"I want to tell you my experience relative to 'white lies,' or rather the one which the result of made me take a vow never to have recourse to anything of the kind again. Now to-day I would have, if in your place, simply put on one of those pretty white aprons, and gone in the parlor to receive Mrs. Courtney or Mrs. anybody. You look neat and home-like, and if any one is too fashionable to like you so, I would not care how soon I lost their friendship, particularly if it was founded on so very changeable a basis. But go on now, and you will soon be at leisure. Then I will give you my story."

"All right, Jennie. I wish I could feel as you do, but I cannot, to save me," Mary said, as she hurried off.

An hour after, she returned with her work basket, and seating herself near her friend, said:

"Now for it, Jennie, dear."

Jennie, folding her work, put it aside, saying:

"I never can do two things well at once. And as neither my story nor sewing will admit of a slight, I must give my particular attention to the lesson I have for you. At the time of my story William was book-keeper for the firm of Stearns, Sharp and Co. We had been married about a year, when he came home to dinner one day looking very much worried. He eat but little, and after sitting with his head on his hand for some time, he said:

"'Jennie, love, you must put on your things, go down to the store, and tell Mr. Stearns that I am too sick to work this afternoon, and unless I feel very differently, not to-morrow. It is too bad that you must go. If Stearns was not such an exacting old fellow it would not be necessary. But you know just what he is.'

"I did know. Nothing but illness or death was ever an excuse for a half-day's absence. Why, even on election days, those who voted with him *might* get a couple of hours off. The others, if they voted, had to devote the hour allotted to dinner to that purpose. I suppose I looked uneasy, for William said:

"'Now don't look as if I was going to die, Jennie. I think a few hours' rest from those old ledgers will quite relieve me. You need not fatigue yourself hurrying back. Mother will be here in a few moments. I called and asked her to come round. As all are from home, she had just as well remain to-night with you.'

"I hurried off, and was feeling still uneasy about the result of William's sickness, when I met his mother.

"'Do you think William is going to be very ill, mother?' I asked.

"'No, indeed, child. He may be going to have one of his spells of headache, and may be not that. You don't know him as well as I. Don't worry. You'll find him no worse when you get back, I think.'

"Notwithstanding all this, I *did* feel worried. I delivered my message to Mr. Stearns, who, to my immense surprise and agreeable disappointment, said:

"'Ah, indeed! Well, I thought he looked rather serious when he left. I am sorry about his sickness, and if I can be of any service to him or you, call on me, my child. But don't be uneasy. I think he is only a little overworked.'

"I suppose there was something in my face that, seeing, touched his heart. I felt almost like putting my arms around the dear old man, and kissing him.

"I told William, after that I should never join the cry about Stearns' hardness.

"When I returned home, I found William no worse than when I left, indeed rather improved in condition. I judged by the surrounding appearances a great surprise awaited me, of which I shall keep you in ignorance for the present. In the mean time, you will please consider William, although not ill, still not well enough to return to the store. Just imagine him being lovingly cared for that night, and through the next day. Mother was still with me, cheering me as best she could, telling her merry stories, laughing away my fears, and constantly assuring me William was all right.

"'If any of the boys from the store come round, tell them I'm too sick to be seen. I must have quiet,' William had said.

"But no one had been to inquire.

"It was about eight o'clock, the second night. The servant had asked permission to go home for an hour; so mother and I were sitting in the parlor, anxiously listening for the door bell. Soon it sounded. I was about to run out and answer it, when a word of whispered caution from mother arrested me. Listening, I heard a strange voice ask:

"'How is Mr. Laurence to-night?'

"Without the least hesitation then, mother replied:

"'About the same as yesterday, thank you, sir.'

"'Ah, I am glad to hear he is no worse. I will see him, if you please, madam.'

"'You cannot see him, sir,' mother answered firmly.

"'But I must see him, madam; I have business with him,' in a quiet, determined tone from the man.

"'A sick man cannot be expected to attend to business. And you cannot see him to-night. It is necessary to keep everything very quiet, and not disturb him at all,' mother said, waxing a little wrathy at the man's persistency.

"'Madam, my business is with sick men. It is my duty to see him—'

"'And it is mine not to let you,' mother interrupted him by saying.

"I was standing just in the parlor door. I think the man might have heard my heart beating, if he had stopped to listen. I was so frightened, thinking how would it all end!

"'I shall not disturb him, madam. Indeed I am more likely to compose and quiet him, I think,' the man answered, in a tone as if to assure her of two things at once: his determination to see William, and the result of his visit.

"'Indeed, sir! Well, *I* have not found you a very composing object.'

"'I'm sorry, madam. But I think my presence will have a happier effect on my friend. Will you at least be kind enough to take up my name to him? I'm sure he will like to see me.'

"A half minute more, and mother came in, holding the dreadful man's card. I am laughing now; but you can scarcely imagine the dreadful suspense I was in during those few moments, which seemed almost hours to me. If you could have seen mother's face, the perfect dismay pictured there, as she whispered:

"'What *shall* we do? That boy will be the death of me yet. Dear me! I'm ready to faint now. I won't go out to talk to him again.'

"I went forward then, a kind of forlorn hope. An idea for relief had entered my brain. I thought I would get a good look at the tormenting individual, and then decide. Turning on the gas, I asked him to be seated.

"One look sufficed. I knew that man believed it was his duty to see my husband, if possible; and he would do it, or know the reason why he could not.

"'May I inquire your business, sir? I am Mrs. Laurence; and if you will be so kind, I can better decide what to say about your seeing him,' I said, in the most pleasant manner I could command.

"'Certainly, madam. I am very willing to explain my business, and relieve you of any anxiety; for I think there has been a good deal of unnecessary excitement already about the matter. I am one of the visiting committee of the Brothers of Temperance. When it came to my knowledge, the illness of Brother Laurence, it became my duty to see him and know if he was ill, and whether the sum paid a sick member would be acceptable. So, madam, I am here for that purpose, and hope you will allow me to proceed with my business.'

"The brother answered affably enough, and firmly enough too. A despairing glance from mother, then a moment's hesitation on my part, when in desperation I asked:

"'Sir—ah, excuse me—but what are your politics? Are you for White, or Gray?'

"It was at the time of the governor's election. The awful man answered civilly and readily:

"'Certainly, madam. I will tell you that too.'

"But his eyes were inquiring plain enough:

"'What, in the name of common-sense, has that to do with the sick man?'

"'I am very desirous for the election of White, and shall vote for him.'

"My heart gave a bound of joy and relief. My way was easy enough. And I said, glad to tell the truth then:

"'Mr. Laurence is not sick at all, I trust, sir. But he is out of town, electioneering for White. I am looking for his return every moment. Yesterday he received a letter from his uncle, saying that there was much fear of the greater number of the men in the factories going the wrong way. And that unless William could come out and contradict the prejudicial reports, most likely White would lose the vote. William has great influence with the men, so he determined to go. He knew it would be worse than useless to ask a day's holiday of Mr. Stearns, and so he played sick.'

"'All right, madam, perfectly right. I should have done just the same, and I have no doubt that news from L—— caused him to feel heart sick at the time. I am very sorry to have caused you ladies so much uneasiness,' Mr. Jones said.

"But mother was not so speedily to be won over to good-humor. She had suffered too much uneasiness and mortification for that. She sat, giving anything but smiles to our visitor, when a quick, familiar step caused me to run out into the hall and welcome William. He came in looking anything but as we had reported him an hour before. Mother started up, and then sank back in her chair, to faint—or feint, I thought—for when the temperance brother said:

"'Get a glass of water. Sprinkle a little in her face;'

"His words recalled her to perfect consciousness, for she exclaimed:

"'Don't you dare! Get me a glass of wine. You have already been almost the death of me with your temperance doings. And now you want to finish me, I believe! I'll have nothing more to do with you temperance folks, I vow.'

"I vowed from that night never to tell, or allow myself to be drawn into telling, a white lie. And I've kept that vow thus far. I soon procured mother the desired relieving glass, and we were all, soon after, laughing over the experience of the evening."

"Well, Jennie," said Mary, "I don't think it likely I shall ever be caught in just such an embarrassing situation; still it is a bad habit to allow one's self to fall into, and I shall try to drop it immediately. Your story not only gives a lesson, but is really very amusing, and it has done me good. I want to hear Harry laugh over it to-night, when he returns from the store. Now I must to work again."

BE CAREFUL! OH, MY SON!

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

You are going away from home, my son,
Be careful how you 're led;
For we all must lie—so the adage says—
As we have made our bed.

You carry away a boy's true heart,
And a strength through love attained;
Oh! bring us back in its place, my son,
A manhood all unstained.

You are going away from home and friends—
From a mother's loving care—
From a father's counsel wisely given—
From a hearth of praise and prayer!

Going away to the gay, bright scenes
That will fire your bounding heart—
That will tempt perhaps your untried feet
From the better way to part.

"Whatever we sow we shall reap," my son,
Be it grains or noxious weeds—
Be it laurel wreaths or cypress boughs;
Then scatter the goodly seeds!

◆

A DARING GAME;

OR,

Neva's Three Lovers.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "THE OLD LIFE'S SHADOWS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LALLY AND MRS. WROAT.

The simple and business-like announcement of her name by Mrs. Blight's young governess to Mrs. Blight's eccentric guest, produced a sensation as startling as unexpected to Lally. Mrs. Wroat uttered a strange exclamation, and leaned forward on her staff, her black eyes staring at the young girl in a piercing gaze, her hooked nose and her chin almost meeting, and her shrivelled lips mumbling excitedly an inaudible whisper. The old lady's eagerness and agitation was shared by her maid, who stared at Lally with a wondering and incredulous gaze.

"Who—who did you say you were?" demanded Mrs. Wroat, as soon as she could speak, in cracked, hoarse tones—"*Who?*"

"I am Mrs. Blight's governess, ma'am," replied Lally wonderingly, and concluding in her own mind that Mrs. Wroat's eccentricities verged upon madness.

"Yes, yes, I know," cried the old lady impatiently; "but who are you?"

"Nobody, ma'am—only Lally Bird, the governess."

"Ah-h!" said the old lady, in an odd, choked voice. "Lal-Lally Bird! Lord bless my soul, Peters!"

Mrs. Wroat looked at the young governess with such a queer snap in her eyes, and such a glow on her sallow, withered face, that Lally involuntarily retreated a step toward the door.

"It 's the young lady, ma'am," whispered Peters, full of amazement. "Whatever does it mean? It 's like magic, or sorcery."

"It means that our advertisement is already answered," returned Mrs. Wroat grimly. "Saved the post-office orders, Peters. I believe in advertising, Peters. We 've just seen the benefit of it."

Lally retreated another step toward the door. "If you please, ma'am," she said, in a little fluttering voice, "I will come and play for you later—"

"No, you won't!" interrupted Mrs. Wroat. "Now you are here, you 'll stay here till I am through with you. Do you know who I am?"

Lally brought to her support a pretty, girlish dignity which sat well upon her round, gipsy face.

"Yes, madam," she answered; "you are Mrs. Wroat, the aunt of Mr. Blight."

"Wrong. I am only his uncle's widow. Come under the chandelier."

Lally came forward hesitatingly, and stood under the great chandelier where a dozen wax-candles burned mellowly from a forest of tall unlighted ones. The soft glow fell upon Lally's face and figure. She was thin, and there was a tremulous anxiety on her features; but in her mourning dress, with a red flush on her dark cheeks, and a bright light in her velvety black eyes, she was very pretty, with a dark gipsy beauty that seemed to startle Mrs. Wroat.

"The very image of poor Clara," muttered the old lady, "and the very image of what I was at her age. There, Peters, if you want to see how I looked in my youth, look at that girl."

However Mrs. Wroat might have looked in her far-past youth, she looked now like a malignant old fairy, in her gown of black velvet, and with her cloak of scarlet velvet drawn around her shoulders. Her diamonds were not brighter than her eyes, whose keen and piercing glances tried to read Lally's soul.

"Peters," said the old lady abruptly, "give the girl that copy of the advertisement."

The maid silently handed the slip of paper to Lally, who read it in deepening amazement.

"Is this an advertisement for me, madam?" she demanded. "I am Lally Bird. Are—are you 'M. W.?'"

"Of 'Mount street, London?'" finished the old lady. "Yes, I am 'M. W.'—Maria Wroat."

"And you were about to advertise for *me*, madam? I—I don't understand. Or, is there some other Lally Bird?"

"No danger of that," said Mrs. Wroat. "There were never two women in this world so silly and moonstruck as your mother—never two women who named their girls Lalla Rookh. Pah! What a name! But for fear your mother was not the only goose in the world who married a Bird, just answer me a few questions. What was your father's name, and what was his business?"

"He was a corn-chandler in the City, and his name was John Bird," answered Lally, quite bewildered.

"And what was your mother's name before her marriage?"

"Clara Mulford Percy—"

Mrs. Wroat gave a queer little gasp, and her hands trembled, and she looked at her faithful attendant in a sort of triumph.

"Do you hear that, Peters?" she whispered. "Do you hear it, I say?" Then she added aloud, "Go on, girl. Who was your mother?"

"She was the daughter of a country gentleman who owned an estate in Hampshire. There were several children besides my mother, but they all died young and unmarried. The estate was entailed, and went to a distant relative. My mother married my father against the wishes of her friends, and was disowned by them for her misalliance."

"And very properly too, I should say. If a girl chooses to descend from her proper rank in society as a gentleman's petted daughter, and take to living in a back room behind a corn-chandler's shop, she can't expect her friends to follow her," said Mrs. Wroat, with some energy. "And you were her only child?"

"Yes, madam."

"Any relatives living?"

"No, madam. My mother died young. My father lived to give me a good education, and then died insolvent, leaving me dependent upon my own exertions when I was less than sixteen years old. My father was a tradesman, humbly born, madam, but he was a gentleman at heart—"

"So poor Clary said. Humph! So you've no relatives living, eh?"

"None whom I know, madam. The present holder of my grandfather's estate in Hampshire is my distant relative, but he knows as little of me as I know of him. And—and," added Lally, suddenly trembling, as if a suspicion of the truth were dawning upon her soul, "I have a great-aunt living in London—she was my mother's aunt—who married a banker, and is now a widow, if she still lives. She must be very old."

"About my age!" said Mrs. Wroat, her eyes snapping. "Just about my age. What was her name?"

"Her name was Maria Percy, when a girl. She was married many years before my mother was born, and she was my mother's godmother. I don't know her married name. If I ever heard it, I have forgotten it."

"Then I 'll tell it to you," said the old lady. "Her present name is Maria Wroat. Her home is in Mount street, London. And at this moment she sits before you, taking stock of you."

Lally grew pale, and her black eyes opened to their widest extent.

"You—you my aunt?" she ejaculated.

"So it seems, my dear. I've been searching for you for some time. And so you are Clara's child? You may kiss me if you want to, my dear."

Lally approached the old lady with some hesitation, and bestowed a kiss upon the proffered wrinkled cheek. Then she shrank back in a sort of affright, wondering at her own temerity.

"Sit down," said the old lady kindly. "I have a few questions to ask you, and on your answers depend more than you know of. Peters, don't stare the poor child out of countenance. Girl, how old are you?"

"Seventeen years, ma'am."

"And I'm eighty—one of us at the beginning, the other at the end of life! Heigh-ho! And so you 're governess here?"

Lally replied in the affirmative.

"No wonder you look sorrowful and pale and woe-begone!" muttered Mrs. Wroat. "To be governess of the young Blights is a horrible martyrdom. Don't you think so? And isn't it martyrdom to be under the orders of that odious, vulgar, garrulous Mrs. Blight? Hey?"

"When I came here," said Lally agitatedly, "I had no home on earth. I was out of money, out of clothes, and utterly friendless. And so, madam, I am very grateful to Mrs. Blight for shelter and a home, and I cannot consider any service that gives me these a martyrdom."

"Grateful, eh? What have you to be grateful for?" asked the old lady cynically. "You have shelter and food, but you earn them, I 'll be bound. You work early and late for the pitiful sum of forty pounds a year. That is what you get, is it not?"

"No, ma'am. I am young and inexperienced, and I needed the place so much, so I get but twenty pounds a year."

"Bless my soul!" cried the old lady. "Because you needed the place so much, you get only half price! That is just like Laura Blight. How came you to be so friendless?"

"After my father's death," said Lally, "I taught music in the school in which I had been educated. The school broke up, the proprietors being advanced in life and being able to retire from labor, and I was thrown adrift. I was obliged to do anything I could get to do. I lived for some weeks or months with an old woman who was seamstress to a boys' school, and when she died I was out of work again, and came down into Kent and worked in the hop-fields. I was so hungry—"

"Do you hear that, Peters?" interrupted the old lady, turning savagely upon her attendant, her bright black eyes beaded with tears. "Do you hear it, and sit there unmoved? She was hungry, while my servants flung away the dainties from my table, and I grumbled because they could not contrive newer delicacies to tempt my appetite. Hungry? Homeless? Friendless? Heaven be merciful to me! Hungry! Ah-h!"

"That is all past now, madam," said Lally softly.

"To begin again when Laura Blight chooses to send you packing! She 's full of caprices, is Laura. You 're not sure of a place here over night, unless her interest bids her keep you. How much money have you laid up?"

"Mrs. Blight advanced me five pounds, my first quarter's salary, and I have eighteen shillings remaining," answered Lally.

"Humph! Eighteen shillings between you and the union. Look me in the eye, Lally."

The young girl obeyed, looking into Mrs Wroat's piercing eyes with a steady, honest, unflinching gaze, although the color fluttered in and out of her cheeks, as a bird flutters in and out of its cage.

"Have you ever done anything in your life of which you are ashamed?" asked the old lady, in a low, sternly anxious voice.

"No, ma'am," answered the girl truthfully, "I never have."

"What do you think of her, Peters?" demanded Mrs. Wroat, turning to her maid and confidant.

The woman was crying behind her handkerchief. She had hard features, but her heart was warm and soft. She answered sobbingly: "I think, ma'am, as you 'd ought to take her and adopt her, and make her your heiress—that 's what I think, poor, pretty dear!"

"Shows your sense, Peters," said Mrs. Wroat. "You 're a woman of a thousand, Peters, and I'll double the annuity I 'm going to give you. Girl, come and sit here on the stool at my feet."

Lally came forward and sat down as directed.

"I am alone in the world, except for my good old Peters," said Mrs. Wroat, with a quiver of her pointed, up-turned chin. "These people here think only of what they can make out of me—of the fortune they hope to inherit at my death. I am old, and very near my end. I should like to leave my money to one of my own kindred, and to one who would really mourn a little for me when I am gone. I'm a queer old woman, Lally, full of notions, and so cross that any one but Peters would have given me up long ago; but, strange as it may seem, the good soul actually loves me. She 's been in my service five and thirty years, and she 's more a friend to me than a servant. Now, Lally, do you think you could ever love me? It 's odd, I own, but even a dried-up old woman like me sometimes yearns to be loved."

Her voice trembled, and tears brimmed over the bright black eyes, and her sharp features were convulsed in sudden emotion. She looked at Lally with a strange wistfulness and yearning, and Lally's desolate, frozen soul thawed within her, and with a great sob she sprang up and threw her arms around her aged kinswoman, and kissed her fervently and tenderly.

"I have no one to love," whispered the girl, sobbing. "I would love you if you would let me."

A paroxysm of coughing seized upon the old lady, and Lally shrank back affrighted into her seat. Peters patted her mistress gently on her back and gave her water to drink, and she soon recovered, sinking back upon her cushions, tired and panting.

"I am near the end, my dear," she said, when she could command her voice. "I may live weeks, or it may be months; but the time is short. I like you, Lally, and I am going to adopt you and make you my heiress. You shall change your name to mine, and be known as Lalla Wroat, and at my death you shall inherit my fifty thousand pounds. And all I ask of you, Lally, is to love me a little, and try to be a daughter to me. I never had a daughter of my own."

Lally raised the old lady's hand reverently to her lips.

"I am afraid all this happiness is not for me, madam," she said bravely. "I am not what you think me, and you may not deem me fit to inherit your wealth. I—I have been married!"

"Peters, the girl's head is turned."

"No, madam, I speak the truth. I am pure in the sight of God, but I am a disowned wife."

"A wife—at seventeen?"

"Yes, madam. After I lost my situation as music-teacher I was married to a young gentleman, just from Oxford, where he had been educated. He was only twenty years old, and we were married by license. He worked to support us, having talent as an artist, and we struggled along together until his father discovered our marriage and separated us, declaring the marriage null and void, his son being under twenty-one years of age. We were married in good faith; we loved each other; and Rufus was good, although he made oath that he was of age in order to secure the marriage license. His father threatened to prosecute him for perjury if he did not give me up; and he gave me up."

"And who is this precious youth?" asked Mrs. Wroat.

Lally replied by telling her story precisely as it had occurred, excusing the conduct of her young husband as well as she could, and displaying in every look and word how passionately she still loved him.

"So the young man is poor, but of good birth and connections, and university bred?" commented Mrs. Wroat. "Well, Lally, my opinion is that your husband is not free from you, but that he will have to have recourse to law to secure his freedom. We 'll consult my London lawyer when we get up to town, and we 'll see about the young man. I'm afraid he 's a poor stick; but we 'll see—we 'll see. I haven't changed my mind about adopting you, and I shall immediately assume a guardianship over you. You will quit Mrs. Blight's service to-morrow. Peters, how soon can we go back to town?"

"At the end of the week, ma'am, if you like," responded Peters, brightening.

"So be it, then. Pack your trunk, Lally. You will finish your stay in this house as my adopted daughter and future heiress, and to-morrow you and Peters shall go out shopping—"

Mrs. Wroat paused, as a knock was heard at the door.

"Open the door, Peters," commanded the old lady. "It's Laura Blight."

Before Peters could obey, the door opened from without, and Mrs. Blight, her chains tinkling and her red silk gown rustling, came into the room as airily as the rotund proportions of her figure would permit.

Her glances fell upon Lally, who was still sitting at the feet of her great-aunt, and Mrs. Blight's face showed her surprise and displeasure.

"I didn't hear the piano, dear Aunt Wroat," she exclaimed, "and I feared my governess might not have obeyed my order and come in to you. Miss Bird, I fear you forget your place. You are not a guest in this house—you are merely a hired servant. If you try, like a treacherous viper, to creep into the good graces of my poor unsuspecting relative, I shall dismiss you in the morning. You are to play upon the piano, and then go to your room."

The old lady's yellow and bony hand was stretched out and laid caressingly on Lally's black hair.

"I was talking to the child, Laura," she said. "I have been hearing her history. Don't you remember that I've been trying for years to find my niece, Clara Bird, or her children? Well, this girl is Clara's child—"

A look of fear and anger disfigured Mrs. Blight's face. The girl became, upon the instant, a terror to her.

"Aunt Wroat," said the lawyer's wife hastily, "this girl is a mere impostor that I took in out of charity. She has deceived you. Miss Bird, go to your room at once. To-morrow morning you leave my house."

"Peters," said Mrs. Wroat quietly, "give me my purse."

Peters brought a plethoric pocket-book from her mistress' travelling-bag, and the old lady took out a five-pound Bank of England note.

"Give that to Mrs. Blight, Peters," continued the old lady calmly. "Mrs. Blight, that is the amount you advanced to my great-niece when she entered your service. I do not wish her to be indebted to you. And here are twenty pounds to reimburse you for any expense I may have put you to. I am sorry, Laura, to disappoint you," added Mrs. Wroat, putting her wallet in her pocket, "but you and your husband need the lesson. I am not so deaf but that I heard every whisper you and your husband exchanged in the drawing-room to-night. I am aware that you consider me 'an old cat,' and 'an old nuisance,' and that you 'would send me to an alms-house, if it were not for my money.' I have now only to say to you that your heartlessness has met with its appropriate reward. This young lady is my adopted daughter and future heiress, and when you order a cab for her in the morning, you may let the boy come up for my luggage also. I shall go with my adopted daughter."

CHAPTER XXX.

NEVA AND HER ENEMIES.

Neva Wynde had arrived in London by the morning express train from Canterbury, in the care of Mr. and Mrs. Craven Black, and from the moment in which she had emerged with them from the railway station, all clue to her movements was suddenly and mysteriously lost.

What had become of her? How had she so singularly disappeared?

These questions which filled the souls of Neva's lover and guardians with such unspeakable terror and anxiety, and which they so signally failed in their efforts to solve, we now purpose answering for the benefit of the reader.

On alighting from the crowded morning train, Craven Black hurried his bride, her maid and Neva into a waiting cab, superintended the mounting of the luggage to the stout cab roof, and gave the order to be driven to Gravesend, adding more explicit directions in an undertone. He then entered the vehicle, and the vehicle rolled from the station.

"Where are we going, Mrs. Black?" asked Neva, looking from the cab windows. "I fancied Mr. Black said Gravesend."

"So he did, my dear," said Mrs. Craven Black placidly. "Didn't I tell you that we are going to Yorkshire by water? September is such a lovely month, and this is such lovely weather, and it's quite the thing to take a sea trip for a bridal tour, and I prevailed upon Craven to charter—is not that the word?—a beautiful little yacht, which we are to have three months if we want it. We shall have a glorious voyage down the Thames and up the Channel, and through the great German ocean. The very idea stirs all my love of romance. Doesn't it affect you in the same manner?"

"But Wynde Heights is not near the sea," objected Neva, in surprise.

"It's not two hours distant by rail, and it will be delightful to get up yachting parties by ourselves, and go off for a two days' excursion; don't you think so? Don't throw cold water upon my little plans for happiness, I beg of you, my dear Neva," cried Mrs. Craven Black imploringly. "There is no reason why we shouldn't be perfectly happy, if you won't interpose objections, Neva."

Thus adjured, Neva took care to "interpose" no more objections. She had no liking for nor trust in Craven Black, but Mrs. Craven Black had been her father's beloved and honored wife, and Neva still believed in her. That the pair could mean her harm never once occurred to her. Neither did she realize how completely she was in their power. She had left her maid at home, at Mrs. Black's solicitation, the latter declaring that one maid would suffice for both, and that she especially disliked Meggy West, the girl who attended upon Neva. Thus the young heiress of Hawkhurst was absolutely friendless and helpless, in the hands of her enemies.

They had a long drive to Gravesend. On arriving at their destination, they alighted at a pier at which a small boat with two oarsmen was lying. These men were dressed in blue sailor costume, each having an arrow embroidered on the breast of his jacket. Mr. Black went up to them, accosting them familiarly.

"What boat do you belong to?" he demanded.

"To the *Arrow*, sir, lying out yonder," said one of the men, pointing to a graceful yacht lying in the stream, her sails unfurled, and looking ready for flight. "We are waiting for Mr. Craven Black."

"I am he. It's all right, my men. Octavia, my love, let me assist you into the boat. Miss Wynde, this way."

The maid was left to scramble in by herself. The luggage was deposited in the boat; Mr. Black took his seat, and the rowers pulled off for the yacht.

The process of transferring passengers and luggage to the deck of the *Arrow* was speedily and safely accomplished. Mrs. Black was ecstatic in her commendations of the arrangements of the little vessel, and occupied the attention of Neva while Mr. Black conversed with the sailors and their captain, and the vessel was gotten under way.

The *Arrow* was by no means a new vessel, but she had been recently painted and fitted with new sails, and presented a very trim appearance. She was of about twenty tons burden. She had belonged to a member of the Royal Yacht Club, but had been advertised to be sold for a comparatively small sum, her owner having had built for him a vessel of greater size and speed. Craven Black had seen, a week before, the advertisement offering the *Arrow* for sale, and warranting her ready to put to sea at an hour's notice; and a part of the business of Mrs. Artress in town had been to purchase the vessel.

Among his friends of high and low degree, Craven Black possessed one who was thoroughly disreputable, but who had proved useful to him at too many periods of his life to be thrown aside. This person had formerly been a lawyer, but had been stricken from the rolls for illegal or dishonorable practice, and was a needy hanger-on and parasite of Craven Black. This person had been called upon to assist Mrs. Artress in the examination of the yacht, and had purchased the boat in his own name, paying therefor a sum of money provided by Mrs. Craven Black out of the jointure acquired by her marriage with Sir Harold Wynde. This ex-lawyer had also engaged three experienced sailors, one of whom had been a mate on an India vessel, and whom he hired as captain of the *Arrow*, and these three men were now in charge of the little yacht.

These sailors, we may as well mention here, had been chosen for other qualifications than good seamanship. The ex-lawyer, in the days when he had been qualified to practice his profession, had been called upon to defend the three against a charge of mutiny, preferred against them by their captain. The charge had been proved, they had been convicted, and were now fresh from two years' imprisonment. The ex-lawyer had come upon them at a drinking shop, after their release, and only a few days before, and knowing their reckless character, had engaged them for a cruise of the *Arrow*.

Such was the character of the seamen in charge of the yacht; and in such manner had the yacht itself been acquired by Craven Black.

As the vessel moved forward down the stream, the sails filling, Mrs. Black said to her young charge:

"Let us go below, Neva, and take a look at our quarters. The luggage and my maid have gone down."

Neva assented, and the two went into the cabin, which was found to be newly fitted up, and smelling unpleasantly of fresh paint. The cabin was small, affording room only for the table and divans around it, but there were three neat little state-rooms, newly carpeted and newly furnished with mattresses, blankets, bed-linen, towels, camp chairs, and all toilet appurtenances. One of these state-rooms was appropriated by Mr. and Mrs. Black, the second by Neva, and the third was assigned to the maid, a French woman completely won to the interests of her mistress.

"We shall be very comfortable here, Neva," said Mrs. Black, with affected gayety. "The sea air will bring the roses to your cheeks. I think you 've not been looking well lately."

"I wish you had told me that we were to go to Yorkshire by sea," said Neva gravely.

"How could I suppose, my dear child, that you cared whether you went by train or by boat?" demanded Mrs. Black, in seeming surprise. "Your dear papa told me once that you were a fine sailor, and I planned this voyage as a little surprise to you—that 's the truth, Neva."

"You are very kind," said the young girl, "but I would have preferred to know it beforehand. My friends will be anxious about me if I do not write as soon as I promised."

"Your friends?" and Mrs. Black arched her brows. "Are we not your friends?"

"You are, madam, I trust, but you are not my only friend. I leave those behind me who are dear to me, and who have a right to know my movements."

Mrs. Black looked significantly down upon the great diamond that sparkled in limpid splendor upon Neva's finger. She had noticed the jewel before, but had refrained from alluding to it.

"Is that ring the gift of one who has 'a right to know your movements?'" she asked, smiling.

Neva blushed, but gravely assented.

"It is from Rufus Black?" asked the elder lady, well knowing to the contrary.

"No, madam," said Neva bravely, "it is the gift of Lord Towyn, and is the emblem of our betrothal."

Mrs. Black bit her lips fiercely, but made no response. There was a hardness in her glittering eyes, and a cruel compression of her lips, that boded ill for the engagement thus proclaimed to her.

One of the seamen was an excellent cook and steward, and presently a luncheon was spread in the cabin which proved very tempting to appetites sharpened by sea air. Mrs. Artress had provided such an abundance of delicate stores that a cook was scarcely required. There were tin boxes of assorted biscuits, jars of pickles, boxes of fruits of every kind attainable in Covent Garden market, dried and crystalized fruits, smoked salmon, jerked beef and venison, pickled reindeers' tongues, and cheeses, cakes and fancy breads in every variety.

After the luncheon, the ladies went on deck. Mr. and Mrs. Craven Black paced to and fro, arm in arm, and Neva leaned idly upon the rail, watching the fleeting shores and the frequent sails and steamers, and tried to shake off the shadow of distrust and gloom that would creep over her soul.

At six o'clock, dinner was served in the cabin. This second meal resembled the one that had preceded, but there were also roast beef, roast fowls, and vegetables, and wines. The swinging lamp was lighted in the cabin, which looked as comfortable as a yacht cabin can be made to look. There is, at best, a dreariness about a ship's cabin or state-room which no art can conquer. And this cabin was no exception to the rule. Neva was glad to throw a shawl around her and go out again upon the deck.

The moon was shining when she sat down at one side of the boat in her folding deck chair, and the pale flood of silvery light illumined the white-capped waves, and the dark abysses of the waters, the sails of vessels making into port, and the dusky little steamers, making the whole scene a picture full of glorious lights and shadows, but a scene that seemed a picture rather than a reality.

The yacht was out in the North Sea now, battling with the short, chopping waves, but impelled onward by a fine breeze. She was well ballasted, seaworthy, and a swift sailer. What more could be desired by the guilty pair whose hearts beat exultantly at their evil success, as they regarded the unconscious victim of their machinations.

"She has no suspicion," murmured Craven Black, as he promenaded the deck, his wife leaning on his arm.

"None, whatever. She is too guileless herself to suspect guile in others. And she trusts me implicitly," laughed Octavia Black softly. "That old dotard, her father, did you and me a good turn when he so frequently urged his daughter to obey me and love me, and try to win my love. I declare, Craven, it 's enough to make the old fellow come out of his grave, to confront us; isn't it now?"

"If I were superstitious, I might think so," said Black.

"If he did come out of his grave, he 'd be slightly astonished at finding how I had cajoled and hoodwinked him, eh, Craven?" said the woman mockingly. "I 'd like him to find out the truth where he is; I would, indeed. I hated the man; and to think you were jealous of him even when you urged me to marry him! Oh, Craven! Do you know, dear, speaking of jealousy, I was once jealous of Neva Wynde?"

"I did not know it."

"No? Well, I was. It was absurd, of course. I fancied you fell in love with her the first time you saw her."

Craven Black's heart stirred guiltily, and his fair cheek flushed. His love for Neva Wynde was not altogether dead yet. It smouldered in his breast, and although at times he believed that he felt an absolute hatred for her, yet all the while a spark of the old passion remained that circumstances might again fan into a flame.

"We 're likely to have more trouble than we looked for," said Mrs. Black, changing the subject, without awaiting a reply to her previous remark. "Neva owned to me since we came on board that she is engaged to Lord Towyn."

"I suspected it when I saw that new ring she wears. But go to her now, Octavia. She will suspect us of plotting against her if we whisper together longer."

Mrs. Black relinquished her husband's arm, and went to Neva's side, drawing a deck chair beside her.

"Enjoying the moonlight, Neva?" she asked. "And thinking of the Earl, of course? I have not yet wished you joy of your future husband, and I suppose I ought to do so now. But first I would like to ask you if you have irrevocably chosen to obey your own wishes in regard to your marriage, rather than to regard the last wishes of your father?"

"I am not certain what were my father's wishes," said Neva, with a strange gravity, looking afar over the waters with her eyes of red gloom.

"Not certain? My dear child, you puzzle me. Did I not give into your own hands your father's last letter to you, received by me from India in the same mail that brought me the awful news of his death?"

"You gave me a letter purporting to be from my father, Mrs. Black," said the young girl, looking now at her companion, "but are you sure that it was not changed by any one while in your possession? Do not think I would hint one word against your watchful care of it, or—or—your good faith with me; but I am not altogether convinced that papa wrote that letter. Lord Towyn, on reading it, immediately declared it a forgery."

Mrs. Black started.

"Did you show it to Lord Towyn?" she demanded.

"Yes, and he has it now in his possession, and will submit it to Sir John Freise and Mr. Atkins for their inspection and opinion," answered Neva.

Octavia Black's dark cheeks paled in the moonlight, and a sudden terror gathered in her hard black eyes.

"Neva," she exclaimed harshly, "I am astonished at the singular want of delicacy that prompted your display of your father's last letter to Lord Towyn. Of course the Earl believes the letter a forgery, since he purposes marrying you himself. He believes whatever it is to his interest to believe."

"Lord Towyn is the soul of honor," asserted Neva, her cheeks flushing hotly. "He would tell the truth, whether it might be for or against his interests."

"What simple, childlike faith!" murmured Octavia Black, in affected admiration. "But, my dear child, Lord Towyn is no better than other men. Did—did he think that *I* forged Sir Harold's letter?"

"No, he has too high an opinion of the lady who has been my father's wife," returned Neva proudly, "to think such evil of her. But he fancied the true letter might have been replaced with a forged one. Mrs. Artress—Mr. Black—"

She paused abruptly, having been urged into saying more than she had intended.

"Ah, Lord Towyn thinks them capable of the forgery? Let me tell you, Neva Wynde, that your father told me with his own lips that he had once hoped for your marriage with Lord Towyn, but that he desired in his later days with all his mind and heart that you should marry Rufus Black."

"Papa said that—to you?"

"He did. I swear it!" cried the woman, perjuring herself, in her eagerness to produce the desired impression upon Neva's mind.

"But Rufus said he did not know papa?"

"That does not affect the fact that Sir Harold knew him," exclaimed Octavia Black firmly. "Rufus did some brave deed at Oxford—saved a comrade's life, or some such thing—and that first fixed Sir Harold's eyes upon him. From that moment Sir Harold watched the young fellow's progress. He saw him frequently, himself unseen. He studied his character, and he became resolved upon your marriage to Rufus."

"But, Mrs. Black, this is incredible!" exclaimed Neva, utterly refusing to believe the preposterous story, although until this moment her faith in her companion had remained unshaken. "Papa could not have wished me to marry a man he did not know personally. He would not have laid upon me the burden of a command—for that solemnly expressed desire was little less than a command—to marry a man whom he admired for a single act of personal courage, but of whose character he was ignorant. I know papa too well to believe anything like this, Mrs. Black."

"You accuse me of falsehood then. I say such was his wish!" declared Octavia doggedly and sullenly.

Neva looked pained, perplexed, and deeply troubled.

"If this indeed be so," she murmured, "then he could not have been in his right mind, terrible as it seems to utter the words. For there never was a truer, kinder father, or a more nobleman, than papa. He thought my happiness of so much moment that he never would have dictated my course in such a vital matter as the acceptance or rejection of a lover, so long as the lover was worthy. I am sorry you have told me this, Mrs. Black. I am compelled to doubt papa's complete sanity, or—or—"

"Or me?" said the handsome Octavia, with an ugly frown. "You ought to know me too well by this time to doubt me. Old gentlemen frequently get odd ideas, which seem at variance with their usual character, but the having them does not prove them insane, only crotchety. As for me, knowing Sir Harold's wishes, I did not doubt that you would act upon them as upon his actual command. Your father told you to obey me in all things. Is that command to be as lightly set aside?"

"Have I failed to consider your wishes, madam?" asked Neva sorrowfully.

"Not until now. But it is my wish that you should marry Rufus Black. Nay, it is my command!"

Neva's pure proud face looked very white in the moonlight, as she answered:

"Then I must fail in my obedience to you now, Mrs. Black. Papa did not desire me to obey unreasonable commands, to the destruction of my own happiness. He would consider you unfaithful to the charge he gave you, could he know that you are urging me to marry Rufus Black. My rejection of Rufus was final."

"We will see," said Mrs. Black, compressing her lips.

In an angry mood, Octavia walked away, joining her husband on the opposite side of the deck. Neva leaned over the low railing, her face upturned to the stars, and murmured:

"Perhaps—perhaps, after all, *she* forged the letter. How strange she seems to-night. I fear her. I wish I had not come with her. A terrible gloom is on my soul to-night!"

That gloom grew heavier and darker, and the pure face grew whiter and more sorrowful as the time went on, and the yacht bowled on toward the northward, bound—ah, whither?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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—The surest, as the shortest way, to make yourself beloved and honored, is to be indeed the very man you wish to appear.

THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

BY GRACE H. HORR.

"There's a stranger below, ma'am—a beggar, I think,
He's looking so wretchedly poor.
What alms have you ready," my little maid said,
"For the stranger at the door?"

"You can tell him to leave—he must not loiter here;
To beggars I'll give nothing more.
Go, say that your mistress is busy to-day,
To the stranger at the door."

Then I thought of a lad whom I knew long ago,
Who, wrecked on a far-distant shore,
Was tenderly nursed by some peasants who cared
For the stranger at their door.

And another—a friend who was wandering then,
And whom I might never see more:
"Who knows," I exclaimed, "but perhaps he may now
Be a stranger at some door?

"And am I so much worse than those poor cottage folks?"
I said, with my eyes running o'er,
And blushed for myself, as I went out to speak
To the stranger at my door.

* * * * * * *

It was he!—'twas the wanderer, returned home at last—
'Twas he, the beloved, I was sure!
I saw through the foreign disguises at once,
Of the stranger at my door.

Should a wayfarer seek at thy fireside to rest,
Who's stranded, a wreck, on life's shore,
Then stretch out thy hand, give a smile, a kind word,
To that stranger at thy door.

Let us heed that we turn not from strangers away,
Although they seem lowly and poor,
For angels have oftentimes stood by the side
Of the stranger at the door.

* * * * * * *

When away from a world which was fickle and false,
We turn toward the heavenly shore,
There is rest, there is welcome for each weary heart,
Though a stranger, at the door!

THE STORY OF TWO CHIGNONS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

In the days when chignons first came into fashion, Hetty Green, going to the city with her mother, saw the enchanting monstrosities, and returned with curious visions of them floating through her brain.

"You don't look like anything without one on, in New York," she said to her cousin, Tilly Squires. "They are as big as cabbages, and come on as far as your ears. You braid your hair in two tight tails and stick it up any how, and pin 'em on, and look awfully stylish."

"How much do they cost?" asked Tilly.

"Well, ten dollars—good ones," said Hetty.

Tilly was not a New York girl.

"*Ten dollars!*" she ejaculated. "Well, we may as well give up all thoughts then. If your pa will give you ten dollars for false hair when you've got a fine suit of your own, I'm a chicken. And mine wouldn't, if I was to pray for it on my bended knees."

"I *must* have one," said Hetty. "You'd say so if you'd been to New York. Ma and me looked perfectly absurd with our two little twists of hair. Cousin Amandalina quite laughed about them; and Mrs. Squire Bivins has got one, and the clergyman's wife, she has. They came up in the car with us—"

"If the clergyman's wife has got one," said Tilly, "why, that is enough. Pa can't object on religious grounds any more."

But pa did object nevertheless. Rich old farmers enjoy paying out ready money less than any other class under the sun. And his wife sided with him.

"Sakes alive, Hetty!" she cried. "Do you want to make yourself look like Amandalina? Her head was as big as a bushel basket, and she'd hev done to put in a museum for a show. Why, she had the headache the heft of the time; and your hair is very good, though I don't want to make you vain. And as for Mrs. Bivins, she always was half-witted—crazy after finery, and all that; and if the minister lets his wife wear that thing to church, it's because he can't manage her, that's all. Lor, I could a laughed at 'em, to be sure; most choked holding in."

"Well, I suppose you think you and me looked stylish with a couple o' walnuts tacked on to the backs of our heads," said Hetty, in a huff. "Aunt was ashamed of us, I saw that."

"With all their airs, we could buy and sell 'em," said Mrs. Green indignantly. "We know just about what they're worth. House mortgaged, and no end of bills coming in. Let her be ashamed."

"And you sha'n't go to New York again if it is going to put such folly into your head," said Mr. Green. "False hair an't respectable, no more 'n paint."

Tilly's father and mother held the same opinions, so the girls gave up their chignons; and as the fashion did not grow very rapidly in Hopetown, they suffered very little in consequence until one day a letter reached Hetty, with one inclosed for Tilly—epistles over which the girls wrought themselves into a state of intense excitement.

Amandalina was about to be married, and desired her cousins to be present at her wedding.

"I know you've got very pretty silks," she wrote, "and I should wear those, if I were you. Nobody has seen them here. You'll want lace fichus, and gloves and slippers; and do, my dears, get chignons. I know country notions on the subject, but I tell you, as a sister might, that they are necessary."

"She thinks we are dreadfully countrified," said Tilly.

"So we are," said Hetty. "Well, you see we *must* have the chignons."

But again the parents were not to be softened. Mrs. Green went shopping with the girls, and bought them fichus and slippers, and gloves also, but not a tress of false hair.

"And without *that*," said Hetty, "*I* won't go."

The day of the wedding approached. The girls held solemn council.

Mr. Green was a rich man. Hetty knew that as his only daughter, all that he had would some day be hers. She resolved upon taking matters into her own hands. We are sorry to tell it, but the story must be told. One night, the very night before they were to start for the city, Hetty crept into her father's room while he was snoring, unlocked the little old-fashioned safe, took out a twenty-dollar bill, and fled in terror.

"Oh, Tilly," she whispered, as she crept into bed with her cousin, who was passing the night with her—"Oh, Tilly, I've got it; but if I should be struck dead for it I shouldn't be surprised. We couldn't do without them though, and it was so unreasonable of dear pa."

The girls started next morning. Their trunk went with them, with the silk dresses and all the rest of the finery; and on their way to Cousin Amandalina's, they stopped at a hair-dresser's.

Hetty's hair was very black; Tilly's was very red. They bought the most intense chignons in the place—the largest, the shiniest—and appeared with them in boxes at their cousin's door.

"You needn't put them on before evening," said Amandalina, "and your heads won't ache so much. But Hetty did not tell her city cousin how she had possessed herself of the chignons.

Awful thoughts coursed through her mind. Suppose something should happen to her father, and her last act had been to rob him! Suppose she should die herself, and never have a chance to confess! She suffered agonies of repentance now that it was too late, and tried in vain to think of some way of repaying the stolen money. Naturally she cried a good deal; and Tilly, who knew the cause, was not in good spirits. However, the day passed, and the hour for dressing came. Bride and bride's-maid were in their room with the hair-dresser; and in their own, Tilly and Hetty took down their crimps and found them charmingly fluffy, braided their own plentiful hair in flat pig-tails, and pinned them up, and took their chignons out of their boxes.

"Now," said Hetty, "we'll dress first, and then pin these on the last thing, as the hair-dresser showed us how."

The dressing was accomplished.

"How do I look?" said Hetty.

"Oh, lovely," said Tilly. "How do I?"

"Sweet," said Hetty. "Turn the gas up higher, please."

Tilly essayed to do it; but as people often do, even when they are more used to gas than the Hopetown girl was, she turned the light off instead of on.

"What shall we do *now?*" she said. "There isn't a match in the room."

"Oh, we are all ready but our chignons," said Hetty, "and see how bright the moon is. Throw open the shutters, and we can put them on beautifully."

Tilly obeyed.

The moonlight was bright enough to see everything but color, and the girls pinned on each other's chignons with great care. Two roses were added, and then they waited for their aunt's knock at the door.

"Ready, girls?" she asked at last.

"Yes, ma'am," said Hetty.

"Well, just run down into the parlors," said Aunt. "The people are almost all there. No ceremony among relations, you know."

The country girls went down stairs, and found themselves in a crowd of strangers. Too bashful to raise their eyes, one was hustled into a corner, and one found a seat behind a door. The grand entrance of the bridal party, the ceremony, the prayer, occupied some time. Then there was the march toward the bride and groom; and afterward both Hetty and Tilly remembered the look of speechless horror with which their relative regarded them as they kissed her.

"I wonder what people look at me so for?" thought Hetty, as she retreated to her corner. "I'm sure I'm all right; well dressed enough; chignon on and all."

"What are people laughing about?" thought Tilly. "It can't be at *me*. It must be my nerves make me think so."

But the other guests did stare at these girls most surprisingly. Men grinned; women smiled.

"It *is* me," thought Hetty, after a while, as she choked with tears.

"It *is* me," thought Tilly, while hot with rage.

"Oh, how funny!" said a little belle who stood near the bride. "Who is she? She must be crazy."

"May be it is the fashion," said the gentleman on whose arm she hung.

"As if *I* didn't know the fashion," said the lady.

Meanwhile the bride was engaged in maintaining the dignified repose required of her by society, when every one was looking, and in telegraphing her mother when she was unobserved. That lady at last saw and understood the signals.

"What is it, dear?" she whispered, behind her fan.

"Hetty—Tilly—you'll see. Get them out of the room," whispered the bride.

Mamma, amazed, but certain of the necessity of the case, hurried away. One glance at Hetty sufficed her.

"Heavens and earth!" she ejaculated under her breath; "run up to the dressing-room."

Then she looked about her for Tilly, found her and bore her off.

The girls stood trembling and crying before her, in the room up stairs.

"What is it, Aunt?" said Hetty.

"Look at each other," said Aunt, dropping into a chair.

The girls looked. Oh, why had they not looked before?

Hetty, who had black hair, wore Tilly's bright red chignon. Tilly, who had red hair, rejoiced in one of jetty dye.

No little twist of the thinnest hair ever grown could have been so absurd, and the whole company had seen and laughed at them.

Moonlight had reduced the new monstrosities to the same tint, and thus the awful mistake.

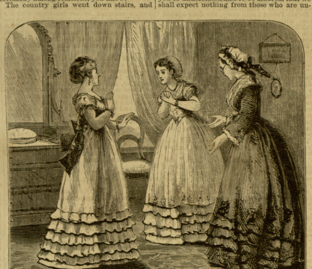
"Change them, and come down to supper, my dears," said Aunt faintly.

But neither Hetty nor Tilly appeared below again that evening. Red-eyed and overwhelmed with mortification, they arrived next day at farmer Green's homestead, and there Hetty made full confession, on her knees, to her father.

The old gentleman forgave her. Fathers generally forgive their daughters a good deal.

"You'd gone crazy, I think," he said pityingly. "City fashions misled you. I knowed a young man once as was misled to such a degree that he is in State's prison now, and he started very fair. And girls as well brought up as you, have gone so wrong that I mustn't speak of it no plainer, from vanity and folly, and wanting more fine things than they could honestly get. But the good Lord watched over you, Hetty, and I'm thankful you was mortified and shamed, and brought to repentance. Where's them false heads?"

The chignons were produced. Farmer Green walked quietly out into the middle of the road, lighted some straw, laid these triumphs of the hair-dresser's art upon it, and watched until nothing was left of either, and that was the end of the two chignons.



The Great Source of Wretchedness.

It is not so astonishing there is so much misery in wedded life, as that there is so much happiness, considering the silly motives which bring most couples together. The great source of wretchedness between married people is their foolish jealousy of each other's liberty. They cannot endure the least motion of independence. They draw the bands of hymen so tight that they become galling. Each is in turn jailer and state prisoner. The wife's little province of housekeeping cannot go on without the husband's tiresome interference, nor his more manly pursuits without her silly directions.

PARSON LOUNDRY'S APPEAL.

Old Parson Loundry, settled at the time in Dixmont, came down into Wareham upon his circuit, and preached on the occasion of the gathering of funds for the support of indigent home societies. The Warehamites were well-to-do, though not noted for generosity. In fact, Loundry had been informed that his efforts in that particular locality would be only thrown away. But the good Parson was hopeful. He was a popular preacher, and the house was well filled. He delivered an excellent discourse, setting forth the needs and the worthiness of the poor sister societies, and enlarging upon the duty of those in easy circumstances to help them.

At the conclusion of the discourse, while the two deacons stood ready with the contribution boxes, he addressed the congregation as follows:

"My friends, I have marked your deep interest in the subject I have presented to you; and if I can judge by the faces which I see turned toward me, I believe that your hearts respond most generously. But I must not allow you, from any appeal of mine, to be unjust. Be just before you are generous. Some of you may be in debt, and unable to pay. You will be waited upon by the deacons; but I beg you to understand, and to be assured, that we shall expect nothing from those who are unable to pay their just debts.—Brother Deacons, you may pass around the boxes."

It may be needless to add that Wareham outdid herself in the way of contribution on that occasion.

S. C., JR.

SCIENCE.

The observatory founded at Cordova by the national government of the Argentine Republic, and placed under the superintendence of Prof. B. A. Gould, the distinguished American astronomer, has encountered a serious obstacle at the outset in the penetrating and impalpable dust which, during the dry season, rises in clouds in the vicinity of the building, and finds its way to the most delicate parts of every instrument. With the arrival of the rains, it was expected that this source of trouble would disappear; and in the mean time much valuable work was to be done, additional to that already accomplished, in making a full catalogue of all the stars of the southern heavens which are visible to the naked eye. Among these a considerable number have been discovered which systematically fluctuate in brightness; one of which, a star in the constellation *Musca*, can be seen by the naked eye during half its period, and during the other half is invisible to it.

Dr. Henry Coppée, President of Lehigh University, at Bethlehem, Pa., recently delivered the first of a series of scientific lectures before the Chemical Society connected with that institution. His subject was *The Science of the Arabians*, and he called attention to the interesting fact that the Arabian youth studied almost as much—and the same—geometry as the students in Lehigh University. The problem of aerial navigation appears to have had attractions for philosophers as early as the days of Arabic supremacy in Spain; and according to the learned lecturer, they invented a flying machine which failed principally from want of a tail.

Considerable practical importance attaches to the question whether there are any infallible means for distinguishing the true edible mushroom from poisonous fungi, which can be clearly comprehended by persons who are not scientific botanists. The resemblance of the color of some of the noxious varieties to that of the true mushroom seems to have caused many fatal mistakes. A writer in *The Garden* says that the gills on the under surface of the mushroom never reach or touch the stem; the spores are of an intense purple brown, not umber-brown color, and the edge of the top always overlaps the gills.

A remarkable example of Aphasia, or the loss of ability to express ideas by language—in this instance from forgetfulness of the words to be employed—was related by Dr. J. G. Glover, at a late meeting of the Clinical Society of London. The patient manifested none of the symptoms of cerebral disease, but still was unable to designate familiar objects by their right names. He called a watch "tempus fugit;" a ring, "a knife;" and a purse, "a book." A more common form of Aphasia is such a want of power over the muscles of speech as to be unable to articulate words when remembered.

M. de Quatrefages, of the Institute of France, vents his indignation against the Prussians for their destruction of the Paris museums of science, by publishing a book to prove that the Prussian race is not akin to the other races of Europe, but is in reality derived from the primeval cave-men, who were cannibals and carvers of the flint instruments of the so-called stone age. This book contains a map of the Jardin des Plantes, on which every spot where a shell struck during the siege is distinctly marked.

The summit of Mount Washington, in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, is a little over six thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The party of scientific observers who wintered there last year experienced the severity of an Arctic climate; yet, according to Dr. J. W. Foster, in the *American Naturalist*, there is a place called Idaho Springs, in the Colorado mountains, eleven hundred and forty-two feet higher, where cattle may pass the winter without shelter.

An amusing danger threatens collectors of insects. It has recently been discovered that by dipping insects into certain aniline dyes, or exposing them to the vapor of ammonia, or cyanide of potassium, some portions of the body are colored by the process, while other portions are not affected. By this sort of treatment well-known species can be so altered in appearance by designing dealers as to deceive the unwary purchaser.

A mastodon's molar tooth has been discovered in Massachusetts. Professor Hitchcock writes to one of the editors of *Silliman's Journal* that he has seen it and identified it. It was unearthed in a muck bed in Colerain, a town on the northern border of the State, and is said to be the first trace of the mastodon ever found in Massachusetts.

Prof. Forel, in an essay on archæological chronology which has lately appeared, calculates that the mud and debris transported into the lake of Geneva by inflowing streams will completely fill up the lake in about three hundred thousand years.

Dr. T. Stenhill Wright recently told the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh that he had made an artificial electrical eel, with which he had performed all the experiments performed by Professor Faraday with the living electrical eel itself.

A school for the instruction in science of the teachers in the public schools of Boston has been established in that city.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Brother Ned's Sister (Ohio) says: "I solicit your advice on a subject that is of great importance to me. I am a young girl, eighteen years of age; am what is termed handsome, but not at all conceited. What I wish to know is, do you think it advisable for a girl of my age to marry? I sometimes think I am too young. Within a very short time I have had two offers: one of them I rejected for the reason that I did not love him; the other I have not answered yet, for I am going to await your advice. This young man is twelve years my senior. He is a noble, whole-souled man, fitted to be a delight and comfort to any woman through any storm or sunshine of life; but the trouble is, he has poor health and is now a consumptive. I love him very much, and have every reason to believe my love is even more than reciprocated. He says he can never be happy without me. If he were some foolish dandy of twenty, I should not have the feelings toward him that I have, but I do not wish to hurt his feelings. I could be very happy with him, or I could be very happy without him. He is in business and attends to it very promptly; he makes two thousand dollars a year; has about four thousand dollars on interest. Do you think we could get along on that amount, taking into consideration that I have been brought up very economically? Please give me your candid opinion on this subject through your columns devoted to correspondence. I have one more question to ask you. What do you think of a young man that would break an engagement with a lady through jealousy, and in three or four months after so doing, would come to her and wish her to take him into her confidence again? Hoping that you will answer as soon as possible, I will anxiously await your reply. What do you think of my writing and composing?" We think you too young to marry. We think you would act imprudently if you married a man in consumption. He should not ask you, if he is so noble as you say. This being our opinion of the proposal, we need not discuss the question of his means. Wait till you are twenty-one. As to the jealous gentleman, we think badly of him, if the facts are just as you put them. We think badly of your writing too. It is too small and obscure. There is *rather much of it too.*

Disgusted says: "There is one thing in my life which is a constant source of worriment to me, and that is, what am I going to do for a living? what shall be my business for life? I have worked in a store for a numbers of years—a business which I detest and loathe as I never have anything before—where it was necessary, in order to obtain the approbation of the employers, and your place also, to cheat, to lie, to face a person down when you knew that a thing was not as you represented, all to sell goods. And yet I had to do all this; and why? because I could get no other place, and was *poor*, places being very hard to get in this city. But I thank God that I am out of that place, and never was there a happier moment than when I left, never to return. My father left us nearly four years ago, and I immediately left school to go to work; but I have a kind, gentle, loving mother, and that is better than all. Am strong and active, and willing to work day and night, if necessary. I hate most all kinds of store business, because dealers now-a-days are not to be trusted. I don't say all—I mean the majority of them. I have seen so much of the doings of dishonest men that I am disgusted with them. If I had a fortune to-day, I would sooner trust it with one of my boy friends than trust it with one of the so-called '*best men* of the city.' Would like to learn the art of photography. Do you think it a good paying thing? Am considerable of an artist, and know I should like it very much. Is there much of a chance in your great city for a young man to obtain a situation?" Sorry to hear so bad an account of the men of your city—whose name we suppress. We do not think photographing a certain and solid business, and we fear the demand for employment is quite as great here as in your city. Would it not be well to go into business where you are known, make a character for honesty, and set a good example where it is so necessary?

Etiquette asks: "Will you please answer the following through the *Ledger*: 1. In writing to a young lady, how should you address her? 2. In visiting, should a gentleman remove his gloves; or if so, when should he remove them, and when should he put them on again? 3. What is the proper time for making an evening call, and what is the proper time to withdraw? 4. Is it impolite to look at your watch before leaving? 5. If you desire to cultivate friendship with a young lady, is it sufficient merely to call on her often, or should you also invite her to places of amusement, etc.? 6. In visiting sisters, should you send up one card or more? 7. If you should call on two sisters, would it be impolite to invite but one to the theatre; or, having invited both, would not good taste prompt one lady to refuse? 8. Is it customary for ladies to invite gentlemen to accompany them to parties?" 1. On the cover of your letter "Miss Smith," if she is the eldest or only daughter; if any other, "Miss Eva Smith;" within, "Dear Miss Smith," or "Dear Miss Eva." 2. He need not remove the gloves at all. 3. From seven to nine usually. You may stay as long, or leave as soon as you see to be mutually agreeable. 4. No; but it is not usually necessary. 5. Both plans are commonly employed. 6. One card is enough. Ask for all the ladies you wish to see. 7. If you are pointed in your attentions to one, and your attentions are favorably received, you may invite one. If you invite another, if she consults her own comfort, she will decline, as being one too many. 8. We hardly think it "customary," but it is done, not, however, by the most refined and self-respecting.

M. R. (San Francisco) asks: "Can a person, with safety, go to New York, unmolested by creditors of ten years' standing? Some years back, a New York journal advocated the passage of a law repealing a law referring to this particular case. This is important to many unfortunate debtors, who may be willing to settle to their extent and ability, but would not risk imprisonment, attachment, etc. An answer bearing on all things relating to this would oblige many persons in this State." There is no imprisonment for debt in this State—New York—unless the debtor has been guilty of, or is preparing to perpetrate fraud, or is a non-resident, or about to leave the State. A creditor who believes that a debtor has acted, or is about to act fraudulently, or to abscond, for the purpose of cheating him out of his money, can swear out a warrant or an order of arrest, and have the debtor arrested and lodged in jail; and sometimes a rascally creditor does this out of revenge when he knows the debtor to be innocent. On the facts becoming known, of course the debtor goes free, but it sometimes goes hard with him before he gets free. If he has friends, and can at once get bail for his appearance at court, he does not have to go to jail at all. A claim against a non-resident debtor runs for all time, so your ten-year-old debts are still valid here. Why not write to your creditors, and see what arrangement you can make with them? When a man is able to do so, he should pay a hundred cents on the dollar, and ask no favors.

An Old Reader (St. Louis) says: "Will you have the kindness to give me some information through the columns of your valuable paper regarding the following subject that came up under debate recently, myself being one of the negative debaters: Take a young man, say twenty years of age, educated, and with an unimpaired mind, strictly temperate; place him upon some far-off isle, with no companions save the wild beasts, without books or print of any kind, and who does not hear a word spoken, and thus isolate him from the world for fifteen or twenty years; then suddenly place him back among his former associates and the civilized world—do you think it possible, or does history give us any evidences that a man could forget his own language or lose the power of speech? Also take an infant, say four years old, who has some idea of the use of his tongue, and place it in the same position, for the same number of years, and, if Providence spared its life, do you think it would inherit the natural gift of speech from birth, or establish a language of its own?" As to the infant, it is in evidence that a human being hearing no speech will not speak. Of the other case we can say nothing, as there are no facts of a reliable kind on which to base an opinion. We are adherents of the Baconian philosophy—facts, classifications, and conclusions.

Discipline (West Virginia) says: "Having seen so many difficult questions answered in the *Ledger* through Notices to Correspondents, I am constrained to come to you for advice in a matter which has caused me some embarrassment. I am a teacher in a country district school, where rigorous means must be employed to secure good discipline. Have had in attendance a young lady, who, by her imperious temper, insubordination and neglect of studies, has been a source of annoyance to me for some time. I have complained to her father, who is a trustee of the school, and requested him to retain her at home. He promised to do so, but no sooner does he leave home on business than she steals away to school, as I believe, for the purpose of disturbing the exercises. I do not now consider her under my authority. What would you advise me to do under the circumstances? Were the obstacle a young man instead of a young lady, I would remove it in a summary manner." The trustees should protect you in this difficult case.

Curiosity (Camden, Me.) says: "This is the first winter I have spent in the country for a number of years—in fact, since I was a child. I have seen a great many snow-birds this winter, just before or after a storm. Now I want to know something about their habits: how do they manage to live, and what do they live on in the winter; and where do they go in the summer? I hope you won't think this too silly to answer." Snow-bird is the popular name for *various kinds of birds*, some of which are so called because they appear in the winter of more temperate climes. In the absence of a description of your snow-bird, it is impossible to speak definitely.

Many Readers (Kenton, O.) say: "We presume upon your generosity by inquiring whether steamships use fresh or sea-water to make steam in their voyages across the ocean. Out in this wooden country some of us at least are obliged to acknowledge our ignorance on this subject." Many steamers use sea-water. They have facilities also for converting the salt into fresh water, and use the sea-water so converted for the ordinary purposes of fresh water.

Dora says: "I wish to know whether girls are considered free at eighteen years of age? A friend of mine says that they are not until twenty-one; but another one said that they are at eighteen. Now, as I wish to know, I thought I would ask you to decide." A girl is free to marry at eighteen in some States, and in others at an earlier age. But at whatever age she marries, it is preferable to have her parents' consent and approbation.

J. H. K. (Cincinnati) says: "Please inform me which is the longest river, the Amazon or the Mississippi, and what is the length of the Mississippi?" The Mississippi is considered the longest of rivers, flowing—including its largest tributary—4,506 miles.

Quien Sabe is informed that "Notices to Correspondents" concern matters of some interest and practical value; "catches" and trifles, and questions of easy solution to ordinary school-boys, go to the waste basket.

M. S. (Maryland.)—For a beginning your poetry is fair, but we do not allow "prentice hands" to try on the *Ledger*. If we did, you and thousands of others would not derive from it so much satisfaction.

German (Rochester) says: "I hope you will pardon my presumption in writing to you, although a constant reader of your popular and cleverly conducted *Ledger* for some years, and more particularly as I am emboldened by the example of many correspondents who appeal to your knowledge in their difficulties. I did make up my mind that the 'Albany Ring' of legislators was the most corrupt and unscrupulous of all the law makers on the face of the earth; but since I read your last *Ledger*, I have changed that opinion, and entirely exonerate them from all blame, seeing that their mistakes are more the result of ignorance of knowing how their books ought to be kept than from any motive of fraud. And why have I come to that conclusion? I will tell you. It happened in this way: On reading your answers to correspondents, I noticed D. I. H.'s 'problem' to you, written from the office of the attorney-general at 'Albany,' and if the knowledge displayed by him in the data given in his problem be a type of the erudition of that body politic to which he belongs, is it not natural that I should arrive at my valid conclusion? Truly your answer to that problem has been a source of laughter to me, as it will be, I am sure, to many. Now why I write is, that you would let me know in your answers to correspondents, what is the meaning of 'cousin-german;' of 'Sisyphine labor.' Where are the 'Pillars of Hercules,' and why so-called? Also let me know what are the 'Seven Wonders of the World?' Your compliance, sir, will oblige me and many others. Excuse my want of knowledge in English composition and orthography, as I am a self-instructed tyro, only three years from my native Germany." "Cousins-german" mean full cousins, or children of brothers or sisters. "Sisyphine labor" means toil that is fruitless, like that of Sisyphus, who was kept rolling a stone up a hill, and it instantly rolled down again, according to the fable. The seven wonders of the world have been usually counted, The Egyptian Pyramids, Hanging Babylonian Gardens, Tomb of Mausolos, Diana's Temple at Ephesus, Colossus at Rhodes, Phidias' Jupiter, and the Pharos of Egypt. The Pillars of Hercules are the opposite rocks in Spain and Africa, at the entrance to the Mediterranean, so called because Hercules parted them to get to Cadiz. One of them is pretty well known as Gibraltar.

J. S. B. (Upper Alton, Ill.) says: "In reading your paper for the past two years, though not subscribing for it—I take from the news agent—I see your answers to a great many correspondents. Will you please to answer this in your next issue? You will oblige me very much. First, can you tell me whether the laws of England are as the laws in this country in regard to heirship of property? Is the property left to the oldest son? If he dies and leaves no heirs whatever, does the next oldest come in for the claim? as I am the next oldest in our family. There were five large farms left to my mother, and my oldest brother died about a year ago. My father being a poor mechanic, not able to contend in law with the people that lived on those lands, emigrated to this country to try his fortune, after my mother's death, eighteen years ago. The wills and deeds are all good; so said the lawyers in England. Can you refer me to any good, competent lawyer in your city that I could employ to take hold and do the business for me? I am a poor man; I will give a man a splendid chance, for I would like to have the property, or the value of it rather, so I can have it to lay out in this country. I have a family of small boys; I would like to purchase lands for them. I have no desire to go back there to live, not for all their wealth, for this is my adopted home, and I like it too well to leave it." The second son succeeds when the eldest leaves no heirs. We think it doubtful, however, if your claim can be sustained at this distance. Had it been good at the time, there would have been less difficulty in getting lawyers on the spot, than you would find at the present time and in New York. Any first-class legal firm in New York can name their English agent and instruct him, if you satisfy them of the claim being reasonably hopeful.

H. F. W. says: "I reside in the State of New York. This will be the first time I have applied to you for advice, though I have read, again and again, the wholesome counsel which you give in your answers to correspondents. My case is this: I lent my husband three thousand dollars fourteen years ago, for which he agreed to give me security, but he never did give it to me. Now he has got very much involved. I made an assignment of my claim, and my assignee sued my husband, and got a judgment rendered, and got it recorded in the county clerk's office, so it would be a lien on my husband's farm. One lawyer says it is good; others say it can be set aside; so I do not know what to do. I think you will give me a trustworthy opinion. I shall consider it a great favor if you will answer soon. I do not wish to contest the matter, if you do not think I could gain my suit. Please do not lay this aside, for it is of great importance to me." Such a case as yours may turn upon facts and points too fine for you to state, or even for you to comprehend if they were stated to you. And it is a case on which good lawyers might honestly differ in opinion. It looks bad for you, and seems to be one of those cases in which—however honest you may be—a conspiracy might not unreasonably be charged against husband and wife to keep the husband's creditors from getting their honest dues. You should consult a good lawyer, and follow his advice.

Etta Silverthorne (New Jersey) says: "I will tell my story in as few words as possible, hoping you will give me some of your excellent advice. I am between sixteen and seventeen years of age, and last fall I formed the acquaintance of a very nice young man, who has called on me several times, which my parents are not very well pleased with, although I do not know the reason. I asked them why they did not like his calling, and they said they had nothing against him—in fact knew nothing of him. Of course he is nothing but a friend, but I think a great deal of him. He sent me his photograph, and asked for mine in return. And now what shall I do? Ask him to call, as I always do, or turn a cold shoulder toward him when I don't feel cold toward him? Indeed he is real nice, or I would never have written to you about him as I have. I don't think they do quite right, although they mean well. I am the only daughter, and I have two brothers, both younger than I am. Am I old enough to keep company? And will you please tell me where I can find the line,

'Though lost to sight, to memory dear?'"

On the general ground that children should obey their parents, we advise you to let the young gentleman know you do not wish to see him "as a friend." Your parents should know any one who so visits you. Do not quote to him the line, which is hackneyed, and has no clear history.

Justice (Beverly, Ohio) says: "For the first time I come to you for information. The question upon which I desire to be informed is a matter of some importance growing out of an unpleasantness in a church in this locality. The circumstances are these: About forty years ago, the Cumberland Presbyterian residents organized and established a church at this place. The church has grown and prospered, and they now have a fine property, consisting of a house of worship, college, parsonage, and some other property in real estate, all deeded—with perhaps the exception of the new parsonage, which I believe was lately transferred—to the Cumberland Presbyterian Society. A portion of the church becoming dissatisfied with the name or peculiar tenets of the church, have decided to take the benefit of a certain law enacted by our Ohio Legislature, granting that by a two-thirds vote a church may change its name. The real issue is this: Can the disaffected party by law hold the property? Please notice this in your correspondents' columns, and oblige an admirer of your valuable paper." This is purely a question for Ohio lawyers, who will examine the deeds of the church now divided and the act of the legislature, and, let us hope, do justice.

King (———, Wis.) says: "I am a constant reader of your valuable paper, and hope you will give me the advice I ask, if you deem it worthy. I am a young man, twenty-two years of age; have just become a partner in a large store, with three-eighths interest. I have been keeping company with a young lady and love her dearly, as I know she does me. I have wanted to ask her to be mine, but have not, because I have nothing to support her with at present, but expect to get something out of my three-eighths share in the store, which was given me by my father. We have expressed our love for each other. Do you consider that expression as an engagement? Do you advise me to marry under the circumstances?" To make surety doubly sure, we advise you to buy a nice engagement ring and put it on the finger of the young lady, with such accompanying speech and appropriate gestures as may seem proper in the circumstances. We advise you to see how much the three-eighths will amount to per annum, and if there should appear enough for the maintenance of two, and for contingencies, we advise you to make the lady queen.

Norton (Norwich) says: "Am I a despicable old bachelor at the age of twenty-seven? My circumstances are these: I have been obliged to earn my own livelihood. I also served three years in the war. My education has consequently been delayed. I am ambitious to master science, and become accomplished in those things that will make me the most useful in life. I claim that my imperfect education is a good reason for delaying my matrimonial matters. Now a party of my young friends have conferred upon me the above degree of old bachelor, and I desire you, in your Notices to Correspondents, to give them a lesson; and if in the mean time you should give me a useful hint, I will be grateful for it." Get an "injunction" from the nearest (and cheapest) judge, and serve it on them.

J. L. M. wants to know if a person can change his name on his marriage certificate, after having got married under an assumed name. Also, whether marrying under an assumed name, instead of one's own, would invalidate the marriage. To the last question we answer, No. It is the *person* who is married, and not the name. As long as a man can be identified as the person who contracted a marriage, at a given time and place, it matters not how often he may change his name, nor what name he gave when he was married. He would have no right to change the name written on the certificate, nor would it be any real advantage to him to do so. The false name would remain on the record, and the change would be apparent on the face of the certificate.

M. C. (Princeton) says: "Please inform me, through your answers to correspondents, if there ever really existed such a person as William Tell?" All that any of us know about William Tell is what we are told by critics, historians, and biographers who profess to understand such things. In these latter days, the German critics, who have demolished so many of the heroes of ancient and mediæval history, have also attacked William Tell, and profess to show that there never was any such person. Whether they are right or not, we shall not pretend to say, but will leave them to fight it out with those writers who wish to keep William Tell as a historical figure-head for all time to come.

W. N. J. (Red Oak, Iowa) says: "I have a land warrant, left me by my father, who received it for serving in the war of 1812. How must I go to work to locate it?" You can ascertain where there is government land, and make your choice of the amount your warrant calls for. You will have to do this through the United States Land Office within whose control the land which you select may be.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*